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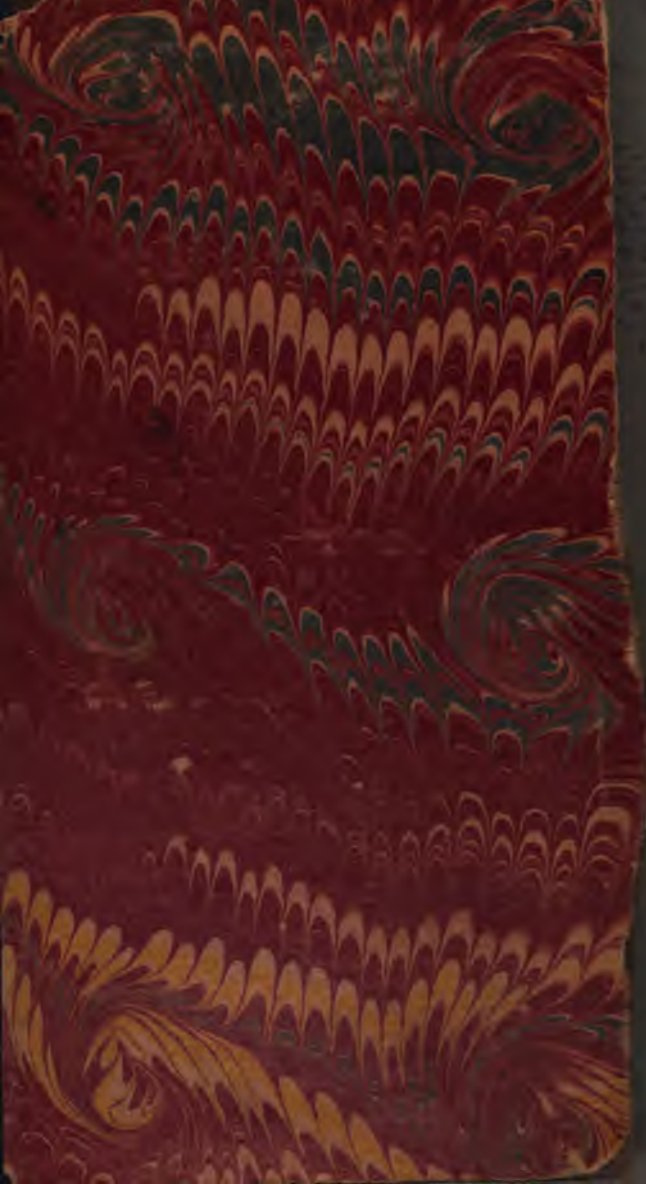

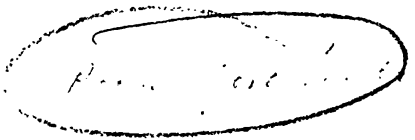

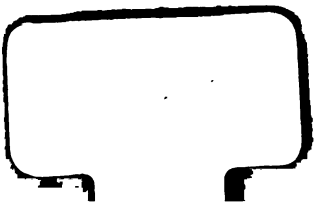

Tice

THE

UNION:

OR

SELECT

SCOTS and *ENGLISH*

POEMS.

——*Dubiam facientia carmina palmam.* JUV.

Imperfect K. III — 16.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for ARCHIBALD MONRO & DAVID MURRAY.

M.DCC.LIII.

280. k. 37.

PREFACE.

AS the mind of man is ever fond of variety, nothing ſeems better calculated to entertain, than a judicious collection of the ſmaller (tho' not on that account leſs-labour'd) productions of eminent poets: an entertainment not unlike that which we receive from ſurveying a finiſh'd landſchape, or well-diſpos'd piece of ſhell-work: where each particular object, tho' ſingly beautiful, and ſufficiently ſtriking by itſelf, receives an additional charm, thus (as Milton expreſſes it) SWEETLY INTERCHANG'D.

The firſt miſcellaneous collection of poems, that ever appear'd in Great-Britain with any reputation, is that publiſh'd by Mr Dryden: which was afterwards continued by Tonſon. There are many pieces of the higheſt merit in this collection by Dryden, Denham, Creech, Drayton, Garth, Marvell, and many others; yet the compilers, it is evident, were not always ſufficiently ſcrupulous and cautious in their choice, as ſeveral pieces are admitted, among the reſt, which would otherwiſe utterly have periſhed, and which had no other recommendation than that they ſerved to ſwell the volume. Since this, many miſcellanies have been publiſhed both in Scotland and England: to enumerate which would be no leſs tedious than uſeleſs. It will be ſufficient to remark, that thro'

want of care or judgment in their reſpective editors they are all forgotten, or neglected. From theſe the miſcellany known by the name of Mr. Pope perhaps ought to be excepted; tho' that, indeed, cannot properly be ſtyl'd a collection of poems by different hands, which is ſuch a one as we are ſpeaking of at preſent; the greater part conſiſting of pieces by Mr. Pope only. The beſt miſcellany at this day extant in our language, and the firſt complete one of the kind which we have ſeen, is that lately publiſh'd at London by R. Dodſley, which boaſts the greateſt names of the preſent age among its contributors.

As to the poetical collection here exhibited to the public, we apprehend it challenges no ſmall degree of regard, as it was made under the immediate inſpection and conduct of ſeveral very ingenious gentlemen, whoſe names it would do us the higheſt honour to mention; and as it contains a variety not to be found even in the admirable collection laſt ſpoken of; I mean the Intermixture of poems both Scotch and Engliſh. Nor is this variety leſs agreeable than uſeful; as from it, we have an opportunity of forming a compariſon and eſtimate of the taſte and genius of the two different nations, in their poetical compoſitions.

It will be neceſſary to take notice, that our chief care has been to furniſh out the following miſcellany with thoſe pieces (regard being firſt had to real merit)

which have laid unknown and unobſerv'd from their MANNER of publication; ſeveral of them having been printed by themſelves, and ſo periſhed as it were for want of bulk, and others loſt amid the rubbiſh of collections injudiciouſly made, and perhaps not eaſily to be met with. Nor will it be improper to mention, that in order to render our volume ſtill more complete, we have had the favour of ſome original poems, written by a late member of the univerſity of Aberdeen, whoſe modeſty would not permit us to print his name: and from theſe ingenious eſſays, the public may be enabled to form ſome judgment beforehand of a poem of a nobler and more important nature, which he is now preparing. Nor muſt we forget to return our public thanks to this gentleman, for the ſervice he has been to us, not only in making this collection more excellent by his own contributions, but in ſelecting ſuch pieces of others as were ſuitable to our deſign.

It is hoped that the ancient Scottiſh poems (amongſt which THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE, and HARDYKNUTE are more particularly diſtinguiſhed) will make no diſagreeable figure among thoſe of modern date; and that they will produce the ſame effect here, as Mr. Pope obſerves a moderate uſe of old words may have in a poem; which (adds he) is like working old abbey-ſtones into a modern building, and which I have ſometimes ſeen practiſed with good ſucceſs.

Upon the whole, as we have been favour'd with the beſt aſſiſtance in compiling this volume, no further apology is neceſſary; and as the approbation of the public has been already ſecured to theſe poems ſeparately, we hope they have no leſs reaſon to claim it when thus publiſhed together.

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A POEM IN HONOUR OF MARGARET

DAUGHTER TO

HENRY VII. OF ENGLAND,

QUEEN TO

JAMES IV. KING OF SCOTS.

BY WILLIAM DUNBAR.

The THISTLE and the ROSE,
O'er flowers and herbage green,
By Lady Nature choſe,
Brave King and lovely Queen.

I.

WHEN March with varying winds was overpaſt,
And ſweet April had with his ſilver ſhowers
T'a'n leave of Nature, with an orient blaſt,
And luſty May, that mother is of flowers,
Had made the birds begin by tymous hours;
Among the tender odours red and white,
Whoſe harmony to her was great delight.

II.

In bed at morrow, ſleeping as I lay,
Methought Aurora with her ruby ene,
In at my window looked by the day,
And halſit me, with viſage pale and green;
Upon her hand a lark ſang frae the ſpleen,
" Lovers, awake out of your ſlumbering.
" See how the luſty morning does upſpring."

III.

Methought freſh May before my bed upſtood,
In weed depainted of ilk diverſe hue,
Sober, benign, and full of manſuetude,
In bright attire of flowers, all forged new,
Of heavenly colour, white, red, brown and blue,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus' beams,
While all the houſe illumin'd with her leams.

IV.

Sluggard, ſhe ſaid, awake anon for ſhame,
And in mine honour ſomething thou go write;
The lark has done, the merry day proclaim,
Lovers to raiſe with comfort and delight;
Will nought increaſe thy courage to indite,
Whoſe heart ſometime has glad and bliſsful been,
Songs oft to make, under the branches green?

V.

Whereto, quoth I, ſhall I upriſe at morrow,
For in thy month few birds have I heard ſing,
They have more cauſe to weep and plain their ſorrow:

Thy air it is not wholſome nor benign,
Lord Eolus does in thy ſeaſon ring,
So bouſteous are the blaſts of his ſhrill horn,
Among thy boughs to walk I have forborn.

VI.

With that the lady ſoberly did ſmile,
And ſaid, upriſe and do thy obſervance:
Thou did promiſe in May's luſty while,
Then to deſcribe the ROSE of moſt pleaſance.
Go ſee the birdis how they ſing and dance,
And how the ſkies illumined are bright,
Enamell'd richly with new azure light.

VII.

When this was ſaid, away then went the Queen,
And enter'd in a luſty garden gent;
And then methought, full haſtily beſeen,
In ſark and mantle after her I went
Into this garth moſt dulce and redolent,
Of herb and flow'r, and tender plants moſt ſweet,
And the green leaves doing of dew down fleit.

VIII.

The purple ſun, with tender rayis red,
In orient bright as Angel did appear,
Thro' golden ſkies advancing up his head,
Whoſe gilded treſſes ſhone ſo wondrous clear,
That all the world took comfort far and near,
To look upon his freſh and bliſsful face,
Doing all ſable frae the Heavens chace.

IX.

And as the bliſsful ſun drove up the ſky,
All nature ſang thro' comfort of the light,
The minſtrels wing'd, with open voices cry,
" O Lovers now is fled the dully night,
" Come welcome day, that comforts ev'ry wight;
" Hail May! hail Flora! hail Aurora ſheen,
" Hail Princeſs Nature! hail love's hartſome Queen!

X.

Dame Nature gave an inhibition there,
To Neptune fierce, and Eolus the bold,
Not to perturb the water or the air,
That neither blaſhy ſhower, nor blaſts more cold
Should flow'rs affray nor fowls upon the fold.
She bade eke Juno, Goddeſs of the ſky,
That ſhe the heav'n ſhould keep amene and dry.

XI.

Alſo ordain'd that every bird and beaſt
Before her Highneſs ſhould anon compear;
And every flow'r of virtue moſt and leaſt,
And every herb of fair field far and near,
As they had wont in May from year to year;
To her their Queen to make obedience,
Full low inclining with due reverence.

XII.

With that anon ſhe ſent the ſwift foot Roe,
To bring in alkind beaſt from dale and down;
The reſtleſs ſwallow order'd ſhe to go,

And fetch all fowl of great and ſmall renown,
And to gar flow'rs appear of all faſſoun:
Full craftily conjured ſhe the Yarrow,
Which did forth ſwirk as ſwift as any arrow.

XIII.

All brought in were in twinkling of an eye,
Both beaſt and bird and flow'r before the Queen;
And firſt the Lion, greateſt of degree,
Was ſummon'd there; and he, fair to be ſeen,
With a full hardy countenance and keen,
Before Dame Nature came, and did incline,
With viſage bold, and courage leonine.

XIV.

This awful beaſt was terrible of chear,
Piercing of look, and ſtout of countenance,
Right ſtrong of corps, of faſhion fair, but fear,
Luſty of ſhape, light of deliverance,
Red of his colour, as the ruby glance:
In field of gold he ſtood full rampantly,
With flow'r-de-lyces circled pleaſantly.

XV.

This Lady lifted up his claws ſo clear,
And lute him liſtly lean upon her knee,
And crowned him with diadem full deer,
Of radious ſtones moſt royal there to ſee,
Saying the King of all beaſts make I thee;
And the protector chief in woods and ſhaws,
Go forth, and to thy lieges keep the laws.

XVI.

Juſtice exerce, with mercy and conſcience,
And let no ſmall beaſt ſuffer ſkaith or ſcorns
Of greater beaſts, that been of more puiſſance;
Do law alike to Apes and Unicorns,
And let no Bugle with his bouſteous horns
Oppreſs the meek plough Ox, for all his pride,
But in the yoke go quietly him beſide.

XVII.

When this was ſaid, with noiſe and ſound of joy,
All kind of Quadrupeds in their degree,
At once cry'd LAUD, and then VIVE LE ROY;
Then at his feet fell with humility;
To him they all paid homage and fealty;
And he did them receive with princely laits,
Whoſe noble ire his greatneſs mitigates.

XVIII.

Then crowned ſhe the Eagle King of fowls;
And ſharp as darts of ſteel ſhe made his pens,
And bade him be as juſt to Whawps and Owls,
As unto Peacocks, Papingoes, or Cranes,
And make one Law for Wicht Fowls and for Wrens,
And let no fowl of rapine do affray,
Nor birds devour, but his own proper prey.

XIX.

Then called ſhe all flow'rs grew in the field,
Deſcribing all their faſhions and effeirs,
Upon the awful THISTLE ſhe beheld,

And ſaw him guarded with a buſh of ſpears,
Conſidering him ſo able for the wars,
A radiant crown of rubies ſhe him gave,
And ſaid, in field go forth, and fend the laif.

XX.

And ſince thou art a King, be thou diſcreet,
Herb without value hold not of ſuch price,
As herb of virtue and of odour ſweet;
And let no nettle vile, and full of vice,
Her fellow with the goodly Flow'r-de-lyce;
Nor let no wild weed, full of churliſhneſs,
Compare her to the Lilly's nobleneſs.

XXI.

Nor hold none other flow'r in ſuch dainty
As the freſh ROSE, of colour red and white;
For if thou doſt, hurt is thine honeſty,
Conſidering that no flow'r is ſo perfyte,
So full of pleaſaunce, virtue, and delight;
So full of bliſsful angelic beauty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignity.

XXII.

Then to the ROSE ſhe did her viſage turn,
And ſaid, O luſty daughter moſt benign,
Above the Lilly thou art illuſtrious born,
From royal lineage riſing freſh and young,
But any ſpot, or macul doing ſprung;
Come bloom of joy, with richeſt gems be crown'd.
For o'er the laif thy beauty is renown'd.

XXIII.

A coſtly crown with ſtones clarified bright,
This comely Queen did in her head incloſe,
While all the land illumined of light;
Wherefore methought, the flow'rs did all rejoyce,
Crying at once, Hail to the fragrant ROSE!
Hail Empreſs of the herbs! freſh Queen of flow'rs!
To thee be glore and honour at all hours.

XXIV.

Then all the birds they ſang with voice on height,
Whoſe mirthful ſound was marvellous to hear:
The Mavys ſang, Hail ROSE moſt rich and right,
That does upflouriſh under Phebus' ſphere,
Hail plant of youth, hail prince's daughter dear,
Hail bloſſom breaking out of blood royal,
Whoſe precious virtue is imperial.

XXV.

The Merle ſhe ſang, Hail ROSE of moſt delight,
Hail of all flow'rs the ſweet and ſov'raign Queen:
The Lark ſhe ſang, hail ROSE both red and white,
Moſt pleaſant flow'r of mighty colours * twain:
Nightingals ſang, hail Nature's ſuffragan,
In beauty, nurture, and each nobleneſs,
In rich array, renown, and gentleneſs.

* Alluding to the Houſes of YORK and LANCASTER, which were diſtinguiſhed by the WHITE and RED ROSE, and united in the perſon of Queen MARGARET.

XXVI.

The common voice uproſe of warblers ſmall,
Upon this wiſe, " O bleſſed be the hour
" That thou waſt choſe to be our principal,
" Welcome to be our Princeſs crown'd with pow'r,
" Our pearl, our pleaſance, and our paramour,
" Our peace, our play, our plain felicity:
" Chriſt thee conſerve from all adverſity."

XXVII.

Then all the concert ſang with ſuch a ſhout,
That I anon awaken'd where I lay,
And with a braid I turned me about
To ſee this court, but all were gone away;
Then up I lean'd me, halflings in affray,
Call'd to my Muſe, and for my ſubject choſe
To ſing the royal THISTLE and the ROSE.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

BY MR. SHIPLEY.

OBlivion wraps not in her ſilent ſhade
All human labours. Virtue blooms a flower,
That Time's rough hand ſhall never violate.
Still CAROLINE ſhall live in faithful verſe,
Sweet nurſe of Memory, and in the voice
Of grateful Britain. Theſe ſhall teſtify
How well her calm impartial rule ſupplied
A Monarch's abſence; theſe commemorate
Her ſoul contemplative of peaceful Truth
And nature, mindful midſt the pomp of Courts
Of wiſe retirement, and the ſilent grove.
She ſtretch'd thro' length'ning ſhades thy ſpacious walks,
Delightful Richmond, and the terraſs rais'd
Of regal grandeur, whence the eye diſcerns
Fair Thames with copious waters winding ſlow
Midſt paſtures, ſpreading herds, and villages
Of aſpect neat, and villas wrapt in ſhades:
air ſcene of chearful peace! The lovely ſight
Frequent ſhe view'd, and bleſs'd the honour'd reign

Of her great Conſort, provident and mild.
Now wander'd muſing thro' the darkning depth
Of thickeſt woods, friendly to ſolemn thought:
Now o'er broad lawns fair-op'ning to the ſun.
Nor midſt her rural plans diſdain'd to mix
The uſeful arable, and waving corn
With ſoft turf border'd, and the lowly cot,
That half appears, in branching elms obſcur'd.
Here beauty dwells, aſſembled from the ſcenes
Of various nature; ſuch as oft inflam'd
With rapture Grecian bards, in that fair vale,
Theſſalian Tempe, or thy fav'rite ſoil,
Arcadia, erſt by awe-ſtruck Fancy fill'd
With wand'ring forms, the woodland Deities,
Light Nymphs and wanton Satyrs, faintly ſeen
Quick glancing thro' the ſhade at cloſe of eve,
Great Pan, and old Silenius. Hither led
By ſolitary grief ſhall GEORGE recall
Th' endearing manners, the ſoft ſpeech, that flow'd
From his lov'd Conſort, virtue mix'd with love,
Prudence, and mild inſinuating ſenſe:
But chief her thoughtful breaſt of counſels deep
Capacious, nor unequal to the weight
Of Government. Such was the royal mind
Of wiſe ELIZA, name of loveliеſt ſound
To Britiſh ears, and pattern fair to Kings:
Or She who rules the Scepter of the North
Illuſtrious, ſpreading o'er a barb'rous world

The light of arts and manners, and with arms
Infeſts th' aſtoniſh'd Sultan, hardly now
With ſcatter'd troops reſiſting; ſhe drives on
The heavy war, and ſhakes th' Imperial Throne
Of old Byzantium. Lateſt time ſhall ſound
The praiſe of female genius. Oft ſhall GEORGE
Pay the kind tear, and grief of tender words
To CAROLINE, thus oft lamenting ſad.
" Hail ſacred ſhade! by me with endleſs woe
" Still honour'd! ever in my breaſt ſhall dwell
" Thy image, ever preſent to my ſoul
" Thy faithful love, in length of years mature:
" O ſkill'd t' enliven time, to ſoften care
" With looks and ſmiles and friendſhip's chearful
voice!
" Anxious, of Thee bereft, a ſolitude
" I feel, that not the fond condoling cares
" Of our ſad offspring can remove. Ev'n now
" With lonely ſteps I trace the gloomy groves,
" Thy lov'd receſſes, ſtudious to recall
" The vaniſh'd bliſs, and cheat my wandring thoughts
" With ſweet illuſion. Yet I not accuſe
" Heav'n's diſpenſation. Proſperous and long
" Have been my days, and not unknown to fame,
" That dwells with virtue. But 'tis hard to part
" The league of antient friendſhip, to reſign
" The home-felt fondneſs, the ſecure delight,
" That reaſon nouriſh'd, and fair time approv'd."

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST

AS IT IS REPRESENTED ON THE EAST WINDOW

OF WINCHESTER COLL. CHAPEL.

WRITTEN AT WINTON SCHOOL, BY MR. LOWTHE.

AT once to raiſe our rev'rence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and pleaſe the ſight,
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
And waft the ſoul on wings of extacy;
For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the viſionary ſaint ariſe;
Who views the ſacred forms, in thought aſpires,
Catches pure zeal, and as he gazes, fires;
Feels the ſame ardour to his breaſt convey'd,
Is what he ſees, and emulates the ſhade.
Thy ſtrokes, great Artiſt, ſo ſublime appear,
They check our pleaſure with an awful fear;
While, thro' the mortal line, the God you trace,
Author himſelf, and Heir of Jeſſe's race;
In raptures we admire thy bold deſign,
And, as the ſubject, own the hand divine.
While thro' thy work the riſing day ſhall ſtream,
So long ſhall laſt thine honour, praiſe, and name.

And may thy labours to the Muſe impart
Some emanation from her ſiſter art,
To animate the verſe, and bid it ſhine
In colours eaſy, bright, and ſtrong, as Thine.
Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While ſofteſt ſlumbers ſeem to ſeal his eyes;
The hoary ſire Heav'ns guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel ſtands.
The form auguſt and large, the mien divine
Betray the * founder of Meſſiah's line.
Lo! from his loins the promis'd ſtem aſcends,
And high to Heaven its ſacred boughs extends:
Each limb productive of ſome hero ſprings,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th'eternal plant wide ſpreads its arms around,
And with the mighty branch the myſtic top is crown'd.
And lo! the glories of th' illuſtrious line
At their firſt dawn with ripen'd ſplendors ſhine,
In DAVID all expreſs'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man compleat.
Serene he ſits, and ſweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's, with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
The God, his theme, inſpiring what he ſings!
Hark----or our ears delude us----from his tongue
Sweet flows, or ſeems to flow, ſome heav'nly ſong.

* JESSE.

Oh! could thine art arreſt the flitting ſound,
And paint the voice in magic numbers bound,
Could the warm ſun, as erſt when Mem non play'd,
Wake with his riſing beam the vocal ſhade:
Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, ſo ſweet, ſo like their own.

On either ſide the monarch's offspring ſhine,
And ſome adorn, and ſome diſgrace their line.
Here Ammon glories; proud, inceſtuous lord!
This hand ſuſtains the robe, and that the ſword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty ſtrides he tow'rs,
And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.
There Abſolam the raviſh'd ſceptre ſways,
And his ſtol'n honour all his ſhame diſplays:
The baſe uſurper Youth! who joins in one
The rebel ſubject, and th' ungrateful ſon.

Amid the royal race ſee Nathan ſtand:
Fervent he ſeems to ſpeak, and lift his hand;
His looks th' emotion of his ſoul diſcloſe,
And eloquence from every geſture flows.
Such and ſo ſtern he came, ordain'd to bring
Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty King:
When, at his dreadful voice, a ſudden ſmart
Shot thro' the trembling Monarch's conſcious heart;
From his own lips condemn'd; ſevere decree!
Had his God prov'd ſo ſtern a Judge as He.
But man with frailty is allay'd by birth;
Conſummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth:

Thro' all the ſoul tho' virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and ſprings in ev'ry vein:
Yet ever from the cleareſt ſource have ran
Some groſs allays, ſome tincture of the man.

But who is he?----deep-muſing----in his mind,
He ſeems to weigh, in reaſon's ſcales, mankind;
Fix'd contemplation holds his ſteady eyes----
I know the * ſage, the wiſeſt of the wiſe.
Bleſt with all man could wiſh, or prince obtain,
Yet his great heart pronounc'd thoſe bleſſings vain.
And lo! bright glitt'ring in his ſacred hands,
In miniature the glorious temple ſtands.
Effulgent frame! ſtupendous to behold!
Gold the ſtrong valves, the roof of burniſh'd gold.
The wand'ring ark, in that bright dome enſhrin'd,
Spreads the ſtrong light, eternal, unconfin'd!
Above th' unutterable glory plays
Preſence divine! and the full ſtreaming rays
Pour thro' reluctant clouds intolerable blaze.

But ſtern oppreſſion rends Reboam's reign;
See the gay prince, injurious, proud and vain!
Th' imperial ſceptre totters in his hand,
And proud rebellion triumps in the land.
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful ſpring,
A beardleſs Senate and a haughty King.

There Aſa, good and great, the ſceptre bears,
Juſtice attends his peace, ſucceſs his wars:

* SOLOMON.

While virtue was his ſword, and heav'n his ſhield,
Without controul the warrior ſwept the field;
Loaded with ſpoils, triumphant he return'd,
And half her ſwarthy Sons ſad Ethiopia mourn'd.
But ſince thy flagging piety decay'd,
And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
Nor herbs, nor healthful arts avail thee now,
Nor is heav'n chang'd, apoſtate prince, but Thou.

No mean attonement does this lapſe require;
But ſee the Son, you muſt forgive the Sire:
He, * the juſt prince----with ev'ry virtue bleſs'd,
He reign'd, and goodneſs all the man poſſeſs'd,
Around his throne fair happineſs, and peace
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and ſmil'd in ev'ry face.

As when along the burning waſte he ſtray'd,
Where no pure ſtreams in bubbling mazes play'd,
Where drought, incumbent on the thirſty ground,
Long ſince had breath'd her ſcorching blaſts around;
The † Prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair
To the parch'd fields, for Joſaphat was there.
The new-ſprung waves, in many a gurgling vein,
Trickle luxurious through the ſucking plain;
Freſh honours the reviving fields adorn,
And o'er the deſart plenty pours her horn.

*JOSAPHAT. † ELISHA.

So, from the throne his influence he ſheds,
And bids the virtues raiſe their languid heads:
Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
Oppreſſion flies, and Juſtice lifts her ſcales.
See, on his arm the royal eagle ſtand,
Great type of conqueſt, and ſupreme command;
Th' exulting bird diſtinguiſh'd triumph brings,
And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
Fierce Moab's ſons prevent th' impending blow,
Ruſh on themſelves, and fall without the foe,
The pious hero vanquiſh'd Heaven by pray'r;
His faith an army, and his vows a war,
Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent bleſt,
And thy day ſhone, in faireſt actions dreſt;
Till that raſh hand, by ſome blind frenzy ſway'd,
Unclean, the ſacred office durſt invade,
Quick, o'er thy limbs the ſcurfy venom ran,
And hoary filth beſprinkled all the man.
Tranſmiſſive worth adorns the pious * Son,
The father's virtues with the father's throne.
Lo! there he ſtands: he, who the rage ſubdu'd
Of Ammon's ſons, and drench'd his ſword in blood.
And doſt thou, Ahaz, Judah's ſcourge, diſgrace,
With thy baſe front, the glories of thy race?

* JOATHAM.

See the vile King his iron ſceptre bear----
His only praiſe attends the pious * Heir;
He, in whoſe ſoul the virtues all conſpire,
The beſt good ſon, from the worſt wicked ſire.
And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
Long-exil'd Piety returns again;
Again in genuine purity ſhe ſhines:
And with her preſence gilds the long-neglected ſhrines.
Ill-ſtarr'd does proud Aſſyria's impious † Lord
Bid Heav'n to arms, and vaunt his dreadful ſword;
His own vain threats th' inſulting King o'erthrow,
But breathe new courage on the gen'rous foe.
Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,
The fiery ſword full-blazing in his hand,
Leant down from Heav'n: amid the ſtorm he rode
March'd Peſtilence before him; as he trod,
Pale Deſolation bath'd his ſteps in blood.
Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud hoſt he paſt,
Diſpenſing death, and drove the furious blaſt;
Nor bade Deſtruction give her revels o'er,
Till the gorg'd ſword was drunk with human gore.
But what avails thee, pious Prince, in vain
Thy ſceptre reſcu'd, and th' Aſſyrian ſlain?
Ev'n now the ſoul maintains her lateſt ſtrife,
And death's chill graſp congeals the fount of life.

* HEZEKIAH. † SENNACHERIB.

Yet, ſee, kind Heav'n renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen ſummers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding ſun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Tho' nature her inverted courſe forego,
The day forget to reſt, the time to flow,
Yet ſhall Jehovah's ſervants ſtand ſecure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal ſhall endure;
On them her ever-healing rays ſhall ſhine;
More mild and bright, and ſure, O ſun! than thine.

At length the long-expected Prince behold,
The laſt good King; in ancient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar ſpoke his future fame,
Rent to it's baſe, at good Joſiah's name.
Bleſt, happy prince! o'er whoſe lamented urn,
In plaintive ſong, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom ſad Sion's ſofteſt ſorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his ſweet melodious woes.

But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in duſt, abandon'd, deſolate;
Bleeds her ſad heart, and ever ſtream her eyes,
And anguiſh tears her, with convulſive ſighs.
The mournful captive ſpreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the ſervile chain;
Till he,* Great Chief! in Heav'n's appointed time,
Leads back her children, to their native clime.

* ZEROBABEL.

Fair Liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envy'd walls ſecurely riſe.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin ſpread,
Again ſhalt lift ſublime thy ſacred head.
But ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint reſemblance of the old in you.
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful anſwers, from the myſtic cloud:
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,
And Heav'n has left thy ſolitary ſhrine.
Yet, in thy courts, hereafter, ſhalt thou ſee
Preſence immediate of the Deity,
The light himſelf reveal'd, the God confeſs'd in Thee.
And now, at length, the fatal term of years
The world's deſire have brought, and lo! the God appears.
The Heav'nly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,
And her fond looks confeſs the parent's cares.
The pleaſing burthen on her breaſt ſhe lays,
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a ſmile ſurveys.
The Infant ſmiles, to her fond boſom preſt,
And wantons, ſportive, on the mother's breaſt.
A radiant glory ſpeaks him all Divine,
And in the Child the beams of Godhead ſhine.
But now alas! far other views diſcloſe
The blackeſt comprehenſive ſcene of woes.

See where man's voluntary ſacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies!
Fixt to the Croſs, his healing arms are bound,
While copious Mercy ſtreams from ev'ry wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life exhauſting roll,
And the ſtrong pang that rends the ſtubborn ſoul!
As all death's tortures, with ſevere delay,
Exult, and riot in the nobleſt prey.
And can'ſt thou, ſtupid man, thoſe ſorrows ſee,
Nor ſhare the anguiſh which He bears for Thee?
Thy ſin, for which his ſacred fleſh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and ſharpens ev'ry thorn;
Can'ſt thou?---while nature ſmarts in ev'ry wound,
And each pang cleaves the ſympathetic ground!
Lo! the black ſun, his chariot backward driv'n,
Blots out the day, and periſhes from Heav'n:
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part,
And the rent rock upbraids man's ſtubborn heart.
The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead, ſtart into life again.
And thou, O tomb, once more ſhalt wide diſplay,
Thy ſatiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.
Thou, groaning earth ſhalt heave, abſorpt in flame,
As the laſt pangs convulſe thy lab'ring frame;
When the ſame God unſhrouded thou ſhalt ſee,
Wrapt in full blaze of Power and Majeſty,
Ride on the clouds; whilſt, as his chariot flies,
The bright effuſion ſtreams thro' all the ſkies.

Then ſhall the proud diſſolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
The molten deluge round the globe ſhall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.
Then ſhall the ſplendors of th' enliven'd glaſs
Sink undiſtinguiſh'd in the burning maſs.
And O! till earth, and ſeas, and Heav'n decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away;
May winds and ſtorms thoſe beauteous colours ſpare,
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair,
All the vain rage of waſting time repell,
And his Tribunal ſee, whoſe Croſs they paint ſo well.

A

FRAGMENT.

BY MR. MALLET.

FAIR morn aſcends: freſh zephyrs breath
Blows liberal o'er yon bloomy heath;
Where, ſown profuſely, herb and flower,
Of balmy ſmell, of healing power,
Their ſouls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe freſh life in every gale.
Here ſpreads a green expanſe of plains,
Where, ſweetly-penſive, Silence reigns:
And there, at utmoſt ſtretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the ſky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with ſounding ſweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I ſeem alone with Nature here!
Here are thy walks, O ſacred HEALTH!
The Monarch's bliſs, the Beggar's wealth;
The ſeaſoning of all good below;
The ſovereign friend in joy or woe.

O Thou moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd,
And but in abſence duly priz'd !
Power of the ſoft and roſy face !
The vivid pulſe, the vermil grace,
The ſpirits when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all are thine !
O ſun of life ! whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up, and chears, our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature with thy parting light,
Repoſes late in Death's calm night :
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain, and hate ;
Fled from the couch, where, in ſweet ſleep,
Hot Riot would his anguiſh ſteep,
But toſſes thro' the midnight ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid ;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muſes dwell ;
Thou oft art ſeen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn :
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye,
With ſong and proſpect, which abound
From birds, and woods and waters rouud.
But when the ſun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day ;

While Heat ſits fervent on the plain,
With Thirſt and Langour in his train;
(All nature ſickening in the blaze)
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolneſs has her ſeat,
There, plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf ſhivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the Dead;
Sages or Poets. See, they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoften'd ſavages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the Sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind!
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,

With all that mends the head and heart,
Enligtening truth, adorning art.
Thus muſing in the ſolemn ſhade;
At once the ſounding breeze was laid:
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb ſilence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When iſſuing from the inmoſt wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's GENIUS good.
O Freedom! ſovereign boon of Heaven;
Great Charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the ſage,
Have plan'd, have bled thro' every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, who cannot claim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * * * * *

THE EAGLE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

A FABLE.*

BY MR. ARCHIBALD SCOTT.

THE Prince of all the feather'd kind,
That with ſpread wings out-flies the wind,
And tow'rs far out of human ſight
To view the ſhining orb of light:
This Royal Bird, tho' brave and great,
And armed ſtrong for ſtern debate,
No tyrant is, but condeſcends
Oft-times to treat inferior friends.
One day at his command did flock
To his high palace on a rock,
The courtiers of ilk various ſize
That ſwiftly ſwim in chryſtal ſkies;

* Written before the year 1600,

Thither the valiant Tarſels doup,
And here rapacious Corbies croup,
With greedy Gleads and ſly Gormahs,
And dinſom Pyes, and chattering Dawes;
Proud Peacocks, and a hundred mae,
Bruſh'd up their pens that ſolemn day,
Bow'd firſt ſubmiſſive to my Lord,
Then took their places at his board.

Meantime while feaſting on a fawn,
And drinking blood from Lamies drawn,
A tuneful ROBIN trig and young,
Hard-by upon a burr-tree ſung.
He ſang the EAGLE's royal line,
His piercing eye, and right divine
To ſway out-owre the feather'd thrang,
Who dread his martial bill and fang:
His flight ſublime, and eild renew'd,
His mind with clemency endow'd;
In ſofter notes he ſang his love,
More high, his bearing bolts for Jove.

The Monarch Bird with blitheneſs heard
The chaunting little ſilvan Bard,
Call'd up a Buzzard, who was then
His favourite, and chamberlain.
Swith to my treaſury, quoth he,
And to yon canty ROBIN gie
As muckle of our current gear
As may maintain him thro' the year;

We can well ſpar't, and it's his due;
He bade, and forth the Judas flew,
Straight to the branch where ROBIN ſung,
And with a wicked lying tongue,
Said, ah! ye ſing ſo dull and rough,
Ye've deaf'd our lugs more than enough,
His Majeſty has a nice ear,
And no more of your ſtuff can bear;
Poke up your pipes, be no more ſeen
At court, I warn you, as a frien.
He ſpake, while ROBIN's ſwelling breaſt,
And drooping wings his grief expreſt;
The tears ran hopping down his cheek,
Great grew his heart, he could not ſpeak,
No for the tinſel of reward:
But that his notes met no regard,
Strait to the ſhaw he ſpread his wing,
Reſolv'd again no more to ſing,
Where princely bounty is ſuppreſt
By ſuch with whom They are oppreſt;
Who cannot bear (becauſe they want it)
That ought ſhould be to merit granted.

ODE
TO
FANCY.

BY THE REV. MR. JOSEPH WARTON.

O Parent of each lovely muſe,
Thy ſpirit o'er my ſoul diffuſe!
O'er all my artleſs ſongs preſide,
My footſteps to thy temple guide!
To offer at thy turf-built ſhrine,
In golden cups no coſtly wine;
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with looſely-flowing hair,
With buſkin'd leg, and boſom bare;
Thy waiſt with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd;
Waving in thy ſnowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand;
Of pow'r to bid freſh gardens blow
'Mid chearleſs Lapland's barren ſnow;
Whoſe rapid wings thy flight convey,
Thro' air, and over earth and ſea:

While the vaſt various landſcape lies
Conſpicuous to thy piercing eyes;
O lover of the deſart, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathleſs vale;
Or on what hoary mountain's ſide,
'Midſt falls of water you reſide:
'Midſt broken rocks, a rugged ſcene,
With green and graſſy dales between:
'Midſt foreſt dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's ſtroke;
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one ſtraw-rooft cott was rear'd;
Where Nature ſeems to ſit alone,
Majeſtic on a craggy throne.
Tell me the path, ſweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown ſequeſter'd cell,
Where woodbines cluſter round the door,
Where ſhells and moſs o'erlay the floor;
And on whoſe top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whoſe thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale ſtill builds her neſt,
Each evening warbling thee to reſt.
Then lay me by the haunted ſtream,
Wrapt in ſome wild, poetic dream;
In converſe while methinks I rove
With Spencer thro' a fairy grove;
Till ſuddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whiſper'd muſic in my ear;

And my glad ſoul in bliſs is drown'd,
By the ſweetly-ſoothing ſound!
Me, Goddeſs, by the right-hand lead
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead;
Where Joy, and white-rob'd Peace reſort,
And Venus keeps her feſtive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
With Laughter roſe-lip'd Hebe leads:
Where Echo walks ſteep hills among,
Liſt'ning to the ſhepherd's ſong.
Yet not theſe flowery fields of joy,
Can long my penſive mind employ:
Haſte, FANCY, from the ſcenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy!
Goddeſs of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and ſigh;
Let us with ſilent footſteps go
To charnels, and the houſe of woe;
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each ſad night ſome virgin comes,
With throbbing breaſt, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to ſeek.
Or to ſome Abby's mouldring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wint'ry ſhow'rs,
The naked beggar ſhivering lies,
While whiſtling tempeſts round her riſe,

And trembles, leſt the tottering wall
Should on her ſleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder ſtrike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with ſudden heat,
My big tumultuous boſom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thouſand widows' ſhrieks I hear:
Give me another horſe, I cry,
Lo! the baſe Gallic ſquadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?----what ſpirit, ſay,
To battle hurries we away?
'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
Tranſports me to the thickeſt war;
There whirls me o'er the hills of ſlain,
Where tumult and deſtruction reign;
Where mad with pain, the wounded ſteed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror ſtalks around,
With ſullen joy ſurveys the ground,
And pointing to' th' enſanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-ſhield.
O guide me from this horrid ſcene
To high-archt walks, and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura ſeeks, to ſhun
The fervors of the mid-day ſun.
The pangs of abſence, O remove,
For thou can'ſt place me near my love;

Can'ſt fold in viſionary bliſs,
And let me think I ſteal a kiſs;
While her ruby lips diſpence
Luſcious nectar's quinteſſence.
When young-ey'd Spring profuſely throws
From her green lap the pink and roſe;
When the ſoft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns ſeeks,
And ſtains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his ſilver beard with cold;
At every ſeaſon, let my ear
Thy ſolemn whiſpers, FANCY, hear.
O warm enthuſiaſtic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breaths an energy divine,
That gives a ſoul to every line,
Ne'er may I ſtrive with lips profane,
To utter an unhallowed ſtrain;
Nor dare to touch the ſacred ſtring,
Save, when with ſmiles thou bid'ſt me ſing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakeſpear's tomb,
On which thou lov'ſt to ſit at eve,
Muſing o'er thy darling's grave.
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate ſome choſen ſwain,

Who fill'd with unexhauſted fire,
May boldly ſmite the ſounding lyre,
Who with ſome new, unequall'd ſong,
May riſe above the rhyming throng.
O'er all our liſt'ning paſſions reign,
O'erwhelm our ſouls with joy and pain:
With terror ſhake, and pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk;
Teach him to ſcorn, with frigid art,
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like light'ning, let his mighty verſe
The boſom's inmoſt foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applauſe,
Beyond cold critic's ſtudied laws:
O let each Muſe's fame encreaſe,
O bid Britannia rival Greece.

ODE

TO

EVENING.

BY THE SAME.

I.

HAIL meek-ey'd Maiden, clad in ſober grey,
Whoſe ſoft approach the weary wood-man loves;
As homeward bent to kiſs his prattling babes,
Jocund he whiſtles thro' the twilight groves.

II.

When Phæbus ſinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the miſty meadows walk;
The drooping daiſies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurſe the nodding violet's ſlender ſtalk.

III.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmoſt bow'rs, and cooling caverns ran;
Return to trip in wanton ev'ning dance,
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

IV.

To the deep wood the clamourous rooks repair,
Light ſkims the ſwallow o'er the watry ſcene;
And from the ſheep-cote, and freſh furrow'd-field,
Stout ploughmen meet, to wreſtle on the Green.

V.

The ſwain, that artleſs ſings on yonder rock,
His ſupping ſheep, and lengthening ſhadow ſpies;
Pleas'd with the cool the calm refreſhful hour,
And with hoarſe humming of unnumber'd flies.

VI.

Now every Paſſion ſleeps: deſponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-reſtleſs Pride;
An holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful ſoul,
Anger, and mad Ambition's ſtorms ſubſide.

VII.

O modeſt EVENING! oft let me appear
A wand'ring votary in thy penſive train;
Liſtening to every wildly-warbling note,
That fills with farewel ſweet thy dark'ning plain.

ODE

TO

EVENING.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

IF ought of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſooth thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales,
O Nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits in yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:
Nor air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-ey'd bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,
As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim born in heedleſs hum;
Now teach me, Maid compos'd,
To breath ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers ſtealing thro' thy dark'ning vale,
May not unſeemly with it's ſtillneſs ſuit,
As muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!
For when thy folding ſtar ariſing ſhews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who ſlept in flow'rs the day,
And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſh'ning dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The Penſive Pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.
Then lead, calm Vot'reſs, where ſome ſheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or ſome time-hallow'd pile,
Or up-land fallows grey
Reflect it's laſt cool gleam.
But when chill bluſt'ring winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet; be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.
While ſpring ſhall pour his ſhow'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!

While Summer loves to ſport,
Beneath thy ling'ring light:
While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;
So long, ſure-found beneath thy ſylvan ſhed,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, roſe-lip'd Health,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name!

ISIS.

AN

ELEGY.

WRITTEN BY MR. MASON, OF CAMBRIGE, 1748.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright
The pointed cryſtals ſhot their trembling light,
From dripping moſs where ſparkling dew-drops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed ſhell,
Pale ISIS lay; a willow's lowly ſhade
Spread it's thin foliage o'er the penſive maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breaſt
In careleſs folds looſe flow'd her zoneleſs veſt;
While down her neck her vagrant treſſes flow,
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn ſuſtain'd her arm, that ſculptur'd vaſe
Where Vulcan's art had laviſh'd all it's grace;
Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught Science ſeen,
Known by the laurel wreath, and muſing mein:
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace ſedate and bland,
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;

While ſolemn domes, arch'd ſhades, and viſtas green,
At well-mark'd diſtance cloſe the ſacred ſcene.
On this the Goddneſs caſt an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus ſhe ſpoke:
'es, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
ic charms of this prophetic vaſe;
my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
yon plain the real glories riſe.
IS! oft haſt thou rejoic'd to lead
iid treaſures o'er yon fav'rite mead;
hou ſtopt thy pearly car to gaze,
'ry Science nurs'd it's growing bays;
'ry Youth with fame's ſtrong impulſe fir'd,
rreu to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
Snatch'd each celeſtial wreath, to bind his brow,
The Muſes, Graces, Virtues could beſtow.
E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! SIDNEY, RALEIGH, HAMDEN, SOMERS, ſhine.
See HOUGH ſuperior to a tyrant's doom
Smile at the menace of the ſlave of Rome,
Each ſoul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
Each breaſt, ſtrong panting with it's country's love,
All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
That wiſely councell'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful ſmile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil

To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang freſh trophies o'er my honour'd ſpring.
Ah! I remember well yon beachen ſpray,
There ADDISON firſt tun'd his poliſh'd lay;
'Twas there great CATO's form firſt met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majeſty;
" My ſon, he cry'd, obſerve this mein with awe,
" In ſolemn lines the ſtrong reſemblance draw;
" The piercing notes ſhall ſtrike each Britiſh ear;
" Each Britiſh eye ſhall drop the patriot tear!
" And rous'd to glory by the nervous ſtrain,
" Each Youth ſhall ſpurn at ſlav'ry's abject reign,
" Shall guard with CATO's zeal Britannia's laws,
" And ſpeak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cauſe."
The Hero ſpoke; the Bard aſſenting bow'd
The lay to liberty and CATO flow'd;
While Echo, as ſhe rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the ſtrong cadence of his Roman ſong.
But ah! how Stillneſs ſlept upon the ground,
How mute Attention check'd each riſing ſound;
Scarce ſtole a breeze to wave the leafy ſpray,
Scarce trill'd ſweet Philomel her ſofteſt lay,
When LOCKE walk'd muſing forth; e'en now I view
Majeſtic Wiſdom thron'd upon his brow,
View Candour ſmile upon his modeſt cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the ſage his manly zeal expreſt,
Here ſtript vain Falſhood of her gaudy veſt;

Here Truth's collected beams firſt fill'd his mind,
E'er long to burſt in bleſſings on mankind;
E'er long to ſhow to reaſon's purged eye,
That "NATURE'S FIRST BEST GIFT WAS LIBERTY."
Proud of this wond'rous ſon, ſublime I ſtood,
(While louder ſurges ſwell'd my rapid flood)
Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,
Iliſſus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
Tho' Plato's ſteps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade.
Tho' fair Lycæum lent it's awful ſhade,
Tho' ev'ry Academic green impreſt
It's image full on thy reflecting breaſt,
Yet my pure ſtream ſhall boaſt as proud a name,
And Britain's ISIS flow with Attic fame.
Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boaſt?
See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coaſt;
See! Hydra Faction ſpread it's impious reign,
Poiſon each breaſt, and madden ev'ry brain:
Hence frontleſs crowds, that not content to fright
The bluſhing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blaſt the fair face of day; and madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! ſee the goblet crown'd,
Hear plauſive ſhouts to Freedom's foes reſound;
The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now ſheds, by ſtealth, a partial private gleam,

In ſome lone cloiſter's melancholy ſhade,
Where a firm few ſupport her ſickly head,
Deſpis'd, inſulted by the barb'rous train,
Who ſcour like Thracia's moon-ſtruck rout the plain,
Sworn foes like them to all the Muſe approves,
All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.
Are theſe the ſons my ſoft'ring breaſt muſt rear,
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
Muſt theſe go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their inſults thro' a peaceful land,
And boaſt while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
That "ISIS taught Rebellion to her Sons?"
Forbid it heaven! and let my riſing waves
Indignant ſwell, and whelm the recreant ſlaves!
In England's cauſe their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cauſe of Troy.
Is this deny'd? then point ſome ſecret way
Where far far hence theſe guiltleſs ſtreams may ſtray;
Some unknown channel lend, where nature ſpreads
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads,
There, where a Hind ſcarce tunes his ruſtic ſtrain,
Where ſcarce a Pilgrim treads the pathleſs plain,
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majeſtic ſtructures crown it's ſide;
Forget, that e'er my rapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue;
Calm and reſign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And pleas'd, prefer oblivion to diſgrace.

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING POEM.

BY MR. THOMAS WARTON, OF OXFORD.

ON cloſing flow'rs when genial gales diffuſe
The fragrant tribute of refreſhing dews;
When chaunts the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whiſtle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quiv'ring ſhade,
O'er ISIS' willow-fringed banks I ſtray'd:
And calmly muſing thro' the twilight way,
In penſive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd ſudden ſplendours o'er the ſhadowy ſtream;
And from the wave aroſe it's guardian queen,
Known by her ſweeping ſtole of gloſſy green;

While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the ſmooth ſurface of the dimply flood
The ſilver-flipper'd ISIS lightly trod,
From her looſe hair the dropping dew ſhe preſs'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild addreſs'd.
No more, my ſon, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the trifling ſtrain of empty joy;
No more thy love-reſounding ſonnets ſuit
To notes of paſt'ral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majeſtic walls,
To the dear Muſe afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and OXFORD bids thee ſing,
Why ſtays thy hand to ſtrike the ſounding ſtring?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' ſpite,
The venal ſons of ſlaviſh CAM, unite;
To ſhake yon tow'rs, when Malice rears her creſt,
Shall all my ſons in ſilence idly reſt?
Still ſing, O CAM, your fav'rite Freedom's cauſe;
Still boaſt of Freedom, while you break her laws:
To pow'r your ſongs of Gratulation pay,
To courts addreſs ſoft flattery's ſoothing lay.
What tho' your gentle MASON's plaintive verſe
Has hung with ſweeteſt wreath's MUSÆUS' hearſe;
What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my ſtream, in tuneful numbers flow?
Yet ſtrove his Muſe, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a ſiſter's head?-----

Miſguided youth! with rude unclaſſic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
A rage that ſullies e'en thy guiltleſs lays,
And blaſts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.
Let GRANTA boaſt the patrons of her name,
Each pompous fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her ſhine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain ſanctify'd and ſleek;
Still let the drones of her exhauſtleſs hive
On fat pluralities ſupinely thrive:
Still let her ſenates titled ſlaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
For tinſel'd courts their laurel'd mount deſpiſe,
In ſtars and ſtrings ſuperlatively wiſe:
No longer charm'd by Virtue's golden lyre,
Who ſung of old, amid th' Aonian choir,
Where CAM, ſlow winding thro' the breezy reeds,
With kindly wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my ſon, to deal the ſacred bay,
Where honour calls, and Juſtice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath which merit brings.
And ſnatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning, and ſcorn'd by courts, yon Muſes' bow'r
Still nor enjoys, nor aſks the ſmile of pow'r.
Tho' wakeful Vengeance watch my chryſtal ſpring,
Tho' perſecution wave her iron wing,

And o'er yon ſpiry temples as ſhe flies,
" Theſe deſtin'd ſeats be mine" exulting cries;
On ISIS ſtill each gift of fortune waits,
Still peace and plenty deck my beauteous gates.
See Science walks with freſheſt chaplets crown'd;
With ſongs of joy my feſtal groves reſound;
My Muſe divine ſtill keeps her wonted ſtate,
The front erect, and high majeſtic gait:
Green as of old each oliv'd portal ſmiles,
And ſtill the Graces build my Parian piles;
My Gothic ſpires in ancient grandeur riſe,
And dare with wonted pride to ruſh into the ſkies.
Ah ſhould'ſt thou fall (forbid it heav'nly pow'rs!)
Daſh'd into duſt with all thy cloud-capt tow'rs;
Who but would mourn to Britiſh virtue dear,
What patriot could refuſe the manly tear!
What Britiſh MARIUS could refrain to weep
O'er mighty CARTHAGE fall'n, a proſtrate heap!
E'en late when RADCLIFFE's delegated train
Auſpicious ſhone in ISIS' happy plain;
When yon proud * dome, fair Learning's ampleſt
ſhrine,
Beneath it's Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Mute was the voice of joy and loud applauſe,
To RADCLIFFE due, and ISIS' honour'd cauſe?
What free-born crouds adorn'd the feſtive day,
Nor bluſh'd to wear my tributary bay!

* RADCLIFFE's library.

How each brave breaſt with honeſt ardours heav'd,
When SHELDON's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the choſen few,
Rome's awful ſenate ruſh'd upon our view!
O may the day in lateſt annals ſhine,
That made a BEAUFORT, and an HARLEY mine:
That bade them leave the loftier ſcene awhile,
The pomp of guildleſs ſtate, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the ſage deſign,
To hold ſhort dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
Then Muſic left her golden ſphere on high,
And bore each ſtrain of triumph from the ſky;
Swell'd the loud ſong, and to my chiefs around,
Pour'd the full Pæans of melliſluous ſound.
My Naiads blythe the floating accents caught,
And liſt'ning danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my wanton wave,
And all my reeds their ſofteſt whiſpers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
And breath'd a freſher fragrance on my flow'rs.
But lo! at once the ſwelling concerts ceaſe,
And crouded theatres are huſh'd in peace.
See, on yon ſage how all attentive ſtand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a TULLY's art
To pour the dictates of a CATO's heart.
Skill'd to pronounce what nobleſt thoughts inſpire,
He blends the ſpeaker's with the patriot's fire;

Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with ſenſe to warm;
Untaught in flow'ry diction to diſpenſe
The lulling ſounds of ſweet impertinence;
In frowns or ſmiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to riſe;
Bids happier days to ALBION be reſtor'd,
Bids ancient Juſtice rear her radiant ſword;
From me, as from country wins applauſe,
And makes an OXFORD'S a BRITANNIA'S cauſe.
While arms like theſe my ſteadfaſt ſages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable ſhield;
Say, ſhall the PUNY CHAMPION fondly dare
To wage, with force like this, ſcholaſtic war?
Still vainly ſcribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, ſhall I foſter this domeſtic peſt,
This parricide that wounds a mother's breaſt?
Thus in the ſtately ſhip, that long has bore
Britain's victorious croſs from ſhore to ſhore,
By chance, beneath her cloſe ſequeſter'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking miſchief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and ſaps with ſecret toil
The deep foundations of the watry pile.
In vain the forreſt lent it's ſtatelieſt pride,
Rear'd her tall maſt, and fram'd her knotty ſide;

In vain the thunder's martial rage ſhe ſtood,
With each fierce conflict of the ſtormy flood;
More ſure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than waves, or wars, or Eurus' wintry pow'r.
Ye venerable bow'rs, ye ſeats ſublime,
Clad in the moſſy veſt of fleeting time;
Ye ſtately piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of Learning and defence,
Where ancient Piety, a matron hoar,
Still ſeems to keep the hoſpitable door:
Ye cloiſters pale, that length'ning to the ſight,
Still ſtep by ſtep to muſings mild invite;
Ye high-arch'd walks where oft the bard has caught
The glowing ſentiment, the lofty thought;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praiſe;
Lo! your lov'd ISIS, from the bord'ring vale,
With all a mother's fondneſs bids you hail! - - -
Hail, OXFORD, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the ſeat;
Nurſe of each brave purſuit, each generous aim,
By Truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in Science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free!
Ev'n now, confeſs'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy ſacred ſons ariſe;
With ev'ry various flow'r their temples wreath'd,
That in thy gardens green its fragrance breath'd.

Tuning to knightly tale his Britiſh reeds,
Thy crowding bards immortal CHAUCER leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,
And beams on all around celeſtial fire:
With graceful ſtep ſee ADDISON advance,
The ſweeteſt child of Attic Elegance:
To all, but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See LOCKE leads reaſon, his majeſtic bride:
See ſacred HAMMOND, as he treads the field,
With godlike arm uprears his heav'nly ſhield.

All who, beneath the ſhades of gentle peace,
Beſt plan'd the labours of domeſtic eaſe;
Who taught with truth, or with perſuaſion mov'd;
Who ſooth'd with numbers, or with ſenſe improv'd;
Who told the pow'rs of reaſon, or refin'd,
All, all that ſtrengthen'd or adorn'd the mind;
Each prieſt of health who mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and ſtay the fleeting ſoul;
All crowd around, and echoing to the ſky,
Hail, OXFORD, hail! with filial tranſport cry.

And ſee yon ſolemn band! with virtuous aim,
'Twas theirs in thought the glorious deed to frame:
With pious plans each muſing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counſels mark their meaning brows:
"Lo! theſe the leaders of thy patriot line,"
HAMDEN, and HOOKER, HYDE, and SIDNEY ſhine.
Theſe from thy ſource the fires of freedom caught:
How well thy ſons by their example taught!

While in each breaſt th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguiſh'd and the ſame!
Nor all the toils of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the ſage.
I ſee the ſable-ſuited prince advance
With lillies crown'd, the ſpoils of bleeding France,
EDWARD----- the Muſes in yon hallow'd ſhade
Bound on his tender thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the ſteel for Britiſh freedom draw,
And OXFORD taught the deeds that CRESSY ſaw.
And ſee, great father of the laureat band,
The * BRITISH KING before me ſeems to ſtand.
He by my plenty-crowned ſcenes beguil'd,
And genial influence of my ſeaſons mild,
Hither of yore (forlorn, forgotten maid)
The Muſe in pratling infancy convey'd;
From Gothic rage the helpleſs virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly ſhore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his foſt'ring hand,
Soon pour'd her bleſſings o'er th' enlighten'd land.
Tho' rude the † dome, and humble the retreat,
Where firſt his pious care ordain'd her ſeat,
Lo! now on high ſhe dwells in Attic bow'rs,
And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred tow'rs.

* Alfred. Regis Romani. V. Virg. Æn. 6.

†----------Ad Capitolia ducit
Aurea nunc, olim ſylveſtribus horrida dumis.

VIRG. ÆN.

He firſt fair Learning's and Britannia's cauſe
Adorn'd with manners, and advanc'd with laws;
He bade relent the Briton's ſavage heart,
And form'd his ſoul to ſocial ſcenes of art,
Wiſeſt and beſt of kings!-----with raviſh'd gaze
Elate the long proceſſion he ſurveys:
Joyful he ſmiles to find, that not in vain
He plan'd the rudiments of Learning's reign:
Himſelf he marks in each ingenuous breaſt,
With all the founder in the race expreſt:
With rapture views, fair Freedom ſtill ſurvive
In yon bright domes (ill-fated fugitive)
(Such ſeen, as when the Goddeſs pour'd the beam
Unſullied on his ancient diadem)
Well pleas'd that in his own Pierian ſeat
She plumes her wings, and reſts her weary feet;
That here at laſt ſhe takes her fav'rite ſtand,
" Here deigns to linger, ere ſhe leave the land."

A

LOVE ELEGY.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

I.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighb'ring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers, never ſound:

II.

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall betray,
But cheaply bleſs'd I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

III.

With timely care I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with it's maſter's hand,
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to weild,
Or range the ſheaves along the ſunny land.

IV.

If late at duſk, while careleſsly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide it's thoughtleſs dam.

V.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt?
Or lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy ſink at laſt to reſt!

VI.

Or if the ſun in flaming Leo ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray,
And with my DELIA walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

VII.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop and gaze on DELIA as I go!
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know!

VIII.

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for DELIA, and myſelf alone.

IX.

Ah fooliſh man! who thus of her poſſeſs'd,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
Not heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind.

X.

With her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs that's not our own,
The ſmile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here, I know, that I am lov'd alone.

XI.

STANHOPE, in wiſdom as in wit divine,
May riſe, and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe,
With ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly ſenſe the deep attention draws:

XII.

Let STANHOPE ſpeak his lift'ning country's wrong,
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
For her alone, I pen my tender ſong,
Securely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

XIII.

STANHOPE ſhall come, and grace his rural friend,
DELIA ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's Patron cull the beſt.

XIV.

Her's be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender Indolence am bleſt,
The favourite ſubject of her gentle reign,
By love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

XV.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock,
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And ſleep extended on the naked rock.

XVI.

Ah! what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her 'midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the penſive head,
And, while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep!

XVII.

DELIA alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight,
With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows thro' every night.

XVIII.

Beauty and worth, alone in her, contend
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind:
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe, and reaſon join'd.

XIX.

On her I'll gaze when others loves are o'er,
And dying, preſs her with my clay-cold hand----
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

XX.

Oh! when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Tho' I am dead my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill.

XXI.

Oh quit the room, oh quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart!
O leave me, DELIA! ere thou ſee me dead,
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

XXII.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate,
Thro' all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

I.

MOURN, hapleſs CALEDONIA, mourn
Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy ſons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie ſlaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hoſpitable roofs, no more,
Invite the ſtranger to the door;
In ſmoaky ruins ſunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner ſees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then ſmites his breaſt, and curſes life.
Thy ſwains are famiſh'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy raviſh'd virgins ſhriek in vain;
Thy infants periſh on the plain.

III.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Thro' the wide ſpreading waſte of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praiſe,
Still ſhone with undiminiſh'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring ſpirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay
No more ſhall chear the happy day:
No ſocial ſcenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No ſtrains, but thoſe of ſorrow flow,
And nought be heard but ſounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the ſlain
Glide nightly o'er the ſilent plain.

V.

Oh baneful cauſe, oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The ſons, againſt their fathers ſtood,
The parent ſhed his childrens blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's ſoul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn muſt feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring ſteel!

VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forſaken, wanders o'er the heath.
The bleak wind whiſtles round her head;
Her helpleſs orphans cry for bread,
Bereft of ſhelter, food, and friend,
She views the ſhades of night deſcend,
And ſtretch'd beneath th' inclement ſkies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

VII.

Whilſt the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Reſentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breaſt ſhall beat;
And, ſpite of her inſulting foe,
My ſympathizing verſe ſhall flow,
"Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
"Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn.

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

THE Curfeu tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Or drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſwife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault,
If memory to theſe no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Hands that the reins of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air.
Some village-HAMPDEN that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious MILTON here may reſt,
Some CROMWELL guiltleſs of his country's blood.
Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes.
Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd:
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe, kindled at the muſe's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.
Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruiſtc moraliſt to dye.
For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?
On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.
For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate,
Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.
'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove,
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

' One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
' Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
' The next with dirges due in ſad array,
' Slow thro' church-way path we ſaw him borne.
' Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
' Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.
' There ſcatter'd oft, the earlieſt of the year,
' By hands unſeen, are ſhow'rs of violets found;
' The red-breaſt loves to build and warble there,
' And little footſteps lightly print the ground.

THE EPITAPH.

" Here reſts his head upon the lap of earth
" A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
" Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
" And melancholy mark'd him for her own.
" Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
" Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
" He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear:
" He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.
" No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
" Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
" (There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
" The boſom of his Father and his God.

ON THE DEATH OF

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, BY DAVID LORD VISCOUNT STORMONT, OF CH. CH. OXON.

LITTLE I whilom deem'd, my artleſs zeal
Should woo the Britiſh Muſe in foreign land
To ſtrains of bitter argument, and teach
The mimic Nymph, that haunts the winding verge
And oozy current of Pariſian Seine,
To ſyllable new ſounds in accent ſtrange.
But ſad occaſion calls: who now forbears
The laſt kind office? who but conſecrates
His off'ring at the ſhrine of fair Renown
To gracious FREDERIC rais'd; tho' but compos'd
Of the waſte flourets, whoſe neglected hues
Chequer the lonely hedge, or mountain ſlope?
Where are thoſe hopes, where fled th' illuſive ſcenes
That forgeful Fancy plan'd, what time the bark
Stem'd the ſalt wave from Albion's chalky bourn?
Then filial Piety and parting Love
Pour'd the fond pray'r; "Farewell, ye leſs'ning
"cliffs,

" Fairer to me, than ought in fabled ſong
" Or myſtic record told of ſhores Atlantic!
" Favour'd of heav'n, farewell! imperial iſle,
" Native to nobleſt wits, and beſt approv'd
" In manly ſcience, and advent'rous deed!
" Celeſtial Freedom, by rude hand eſtrang'd
" From regions once frequented, with Thee takes
" Her ſtedfaſt ſtation, faſt beſide the throne
" Of ſcepter'd Rule, and there her ſtate maintains
" In ſocial concord, and harmonious love.
" Theſe bleſſings ſtill be thine, nor medling fiend
" Stir in your buſy ſtreets foul Faction's roar;
" Still thrive your growing works, and gales propitious
" Viſit your ſons who ride the watry waſte;
" And ſtill be heard from forth your gladſome bow'rs
" Shrill tabor-pipes, and ev'ry peaceful ſound.
" Nor vain the wiſh, while GEORGE the golden ſcale
" With ſteady prudence holds, and temp'rate ſway.
" And when his courſe of earthly honour's run,
" With lenient hand ſhall FREDERIC ſooth your care,
" Rich in each princely quality, mature
" In years, and happieſt in nuptual choice.
" Thence too ariſe new hopes, a playful troop
" Circles his hearth, ſweet pledges of that bed,
" Which Faith, and Joy, and thouſand Virtues guard.
" His be the care t' inform their ductile minds
" With worthieſt thoughts, and point the ways of
" honour.

" How often ſhall he hear with freſh delight
" Their earneſt tales, or watch their riſing paſſions
" With timerous attention; then ſhall tell
" Of juſtice, fortitude, and public weal,
" And oft the while each rigid precept ſmooth
" With winning tokens of parental love!"
Thus my o'erweening heart the ſecret ſtores
Of Britain's hope explor'd, while my ſtrain'd ſight
Purſued her fading hills, till wrapt in miſt
They gently ſunk behind the ſwelling tide.
Nor ſlept thoſe thoughts, whene'er in other climes
I mark'd the cruel waſte of foul oppreſſion,
Saw nobleſt ſpirits, and goodlieſt faculties,
To vaſſalage and loathſome ſervice bound.
Then conſcious preference roſe; then northward turn'd
My eye, to gratulate my natal ſoil.
How have I chid with froward eagerneſs
Each veering blaſt, that from my hand witheld
The well-known characters of ſome lov'd friend,
Tho' diſtant not unmindful? Still I learn'd
Delighted, what each patriot plan deviſ'd
Of arts, or glory, or diffuſive commerce.
Nor wanted its endearment every tale
Of lighteſt import. But oh! heavy change,
What notices come now? Diſtracted ſcenes
Of helpleſs ſorrow, ſolemn ſad accounts;
How fair AUGUSTA watch'd the weary night

Tending the bed of anguiſh; how great GEORGE
Wept with his infant progeny around;
How heav'd the orphan's and the widow's ſigh,
That follow'd FREDERIC to his ſilent tomb.
For well was FREDERIC lov'd, and well deſerv'd:
His voice was ever ſweet, and on his ſteps
Attended ever the alluring grace
Of gentle lowlineſs and ſocial zeal.
Him ſhall remember oft the labour'd hind,
Relating to his mates each caſual act
Of courteous bounty. Him th' artificer,
Plying the varied woof in ſullen ſadneſs,
Tho' wont to carol many a ditty ſweet.
Soon too the mariner, who many moons
Has counted, beating ſtill the foamy ſurge,
And treads at laſt the wiſh'd-for beach, ſhall ſtand
Appall'd at the ſad tale, and ſoon ſhall ſteal
Down his rough cheek th' involuntary tear.
Be this our ſolace yet; all is not dead;
The bright memorial lives: from his example
Shall Hymen trim his torch, domeſtic praiſe
Be countenanc'd, and virtue fairer ſhew.
In age ſucceeding when another GEORGE,
To ratify ſome weighty ordinance
Of Britain's peers conven'd, ſhall paſs beſide
Thoſe hallow'd ſpires, whoſe gloomy vaults encloſe,
Shrouded in ſleep, pale rows of ſcepter'd kings,
Oft to his ſenſe the ſweet paternal voice

And long-remember'd features ſhall return;
Then ſhall his generous breaſt be new inflam'd
To acts of higheſt worth and honeſt fame.
  Theſe plaintive ſtrains, from ALBION far away,
I lonely meditate at even-tide;
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious of the raptur'd lay;
But ſtill rememb'ring oft the magic ſounds,
Well-meaſur'd to the chime of Dorian lute,
Or paſt'ral ſtop, which erſt I lov'd to hear
On ISIS' broider'd mead, where dips by fits
The ſtooping oſier in her haſty ſtream.
  Hail WOLSEY's ſpacious dome! hail, ever-fam'd
For faithful nurture, and truth's ſacred lore,
Much honour'd parent! You my duteous zeal
Accept, if haply in thy laureat wreath
You deign to interweave this humble ſong.

ON THE SAME.

BY MR. JAMES CLITHEROW OF ALL SOULS COLL.

I.

'TWAS on the evening of that gloomy day,
When FREDERIC, ever lov'd, and ever mourn'd,
(Such heav'n's high will, and who ſhall diſobey?)
To earth's cold womb in holy pomp return'd:

II.

With ſullen ſounds the death-denouncing bell
Proclaim'd aloud the diſmal tale of woe,
The pealing organ join'd the ſolemn knell,
In mournful notes, majeſtically flow.

III.

The full-voic'd choir, in ſtoles of pureſt white,
With frequent pauſe, the ſoul-felt anthem raiſe;
While o'er the walls, in darkeſt ſable dight,
A thouſand tapers pour'd their holy blaze.

IV.

In high devotion rapt, the mitred ſage,
With energy ſublime, the rites began;
While tears from ev'ry ſex, and ev'ry age,
Bewail'd the prince, the father, and the man.

V.

" Who, when our ſov'reign liege to fate ſhall yield,
" Shall prop, like him, Britannia's falling ſtate?
" Who now the vengeful ſword of juſtice wield,
" Or ope, like him, ſweet Mercy's golden gate?

VI.

" Who ſhall to Arts their priſtine honour bring,
" Rear from the duſt fair Learning's laurell'd head,
" Or bid rich Commerce plume her daring wing?
" Arts, Learning, Commerce are in FREDERIC dead.

VII.

" Who now ſhall tend, with fond paternal care,
" The future guardians of our faith and laws?
" Who teach their breaſts with patriot worth to dare,
" And die, with ardour, in Britannia's cauſe?

VIII.

" And who, ah! who, with ſoft endearing lore,
" Shall ſooth, like him, the royal mourner's breaſt?
" Her lord, her life, her FREDERIC is no more."—
Deep groans and bitter wailings ſpeak the reſt.

IX.

Then, when at length the awful ſcene was clos'd,
And duſt to duſt in holy hope conſign'd;
All to their ſilent homes their ſteps diſpos'd,
To feed on ſolitary woe the mind;

X.

All but Lorenzo;—he with grief diſmay'd,
Nor heeding ought but FREDERIC's hapleſs fate,
Muſing along the cloyſter'd temple ſtray'd,
Till lonely midnight clos'd th' impervious gate.

XI.

But when each lamp by ſlow degrees expir'd,
And total night aſſumed its ſilent reign,
Sudden he ſtarts, with wild amazement fir'd,
And big with horror traverſes the ſane.

XII.

The vaulted manſions of th' illuſtrious dead
Inſpire his ſhudd'ring ſoul with ghaſtly fears,
Dire ſhapes, and beck'ning ſhades around him tread,
And hollow voices murmur in his ears.

XIII.

There, as around the monumental maze
Darkling he wanders, a reſplendent gleam
Shoots o'er th' illumin'd iſle a diſtant blaze,
Pale as the glow-worm's fire, or Cynthia's beam.

XIV.

With glory clad, th' imperial ſhrines among,
Four royal ſhapes on iv'ry thrones were plac'd,
High o'er their heads four airy diadems hung,
Which never yet their maiden brows had grac'd.

XV.

The firſt was he, whom CRESSY's glorious plain
Has fam'd for martial deeds and bold emprize;
Nor leſs his praiſe in Virtue's milder ſtrain,
Juſt, humble, learned, merciful and wiſe.

XVI.

Next ARTHUR ſat, at whoſe auſpicious birth
In one ſweet flow'r the blended roſes join'd;
And HENRY next, fair plant of Scotiſh earth,
The hope, the joy of ALBION and mankind.

XVII.

Yet green in death, the laſt majeſtic ſhade
Wore gracious FREDERIC's mild endearing look;
To him the reſt obeyſance courteous paid,
And EDWARD thus the princely form beſpoke:

XVIII.

" All hail! illuſtrious partner of our fate,
" For whom, as once for us, Britannia bleeds;
" Hail! to the manſions of the good and great,
" Where crowns immortal wait on virtuous deeds.

XIX.

" The fame our fortune, as our worth the fame,
" (To worth like ours ſhort date doth heav'n aſſign)
" As one our fortune, one ſhall be our fame,
" And long record our deathleſs names ſhall join.

XX.

" But oh! I tremble for Britannia's ſtate,
" May guardian pow'rs avert the dire preſage!
" For well ſhe knows, at our untimely fate
" How heav'n's dread vengeance ſmote each ſin-
" full age.

XXI.

" The regal ſtaff aſpiring BOLINBROKE
" Snatch'd with rude graſp from RICHARD's
" princely hand;
" Loos'd from hell's confines, civil Diſcord ſhook
" The dubious throne, and tore the bleeding land.

XXIII.

" When ARTHUR died, imperious HENRY's thirſt
" Of ſubject's blood nor heeded ſex nor age;
" His wives a ſacrifice to vagrant luſt,
" His nobles victims to tyrannic rage.

XXIV.

" When pious CHARLES in right fraternal reign'd,
" Rebellion proudly ſtalk'd from ſhore to ſhore,
" Her laws, her rights, her holy faith profan'd,
" And dy'd the guilty land with royal gore.

XXIV.

" Yet ah! may pity move relenting heav'n!
" Enough ſhe groans beneath her preſent woe;

" Enough to vengeance is already giv'n;
" Her FREDERIC's dead;—there needs no other
" blow."

XXV.

Scarce had he ſpoken, when the bird of day
'Gan morn's approach with clarion ſhrill declare,
At once th' unbodied phantoms fade away,
The fond illuſion all diſſolves in air.

O D E

ON THE

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

BY A GENTLEMAN FORMERLY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

Te dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
Adventumque tuum; tibi ſuaveis dædala tellus
Submittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti;
Placatumque nitet diffuſo lumine cœlum.

LUCRETIUS.

HENCE iron-ſcepter'd WINTER, haſte
To des'late Ruſſian waſte!
Where far remote from man's reſort
Thou hold'ſt thy joyleſs court;
Where ever beat by ſtorms and ſhow'rs
Thy gloomy Gothic caſtle tow'rs;
Amid whoſe howling iſles and halls,
Where no gay ſun-beam paints the walls,
On ebon throne, thou lov'ſt to ſhroud,
Thy hoary head in ſable cloud.

E'n now, before the ſun's ſoft heat,
Sullen I ſee thy train retreat:
EURUS, with lightning in his hands,
That on a tiger mounted ſtands;
High-figur'd on whoſe robe are ſhewn
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim AUSTER, dropping all with dew,
And clad in veſt of watchet hue:
Next COLD, like Zemblan ſavage dreſt,
Who boldly bares his hardy breaſt:
With him his brother, fur-clad FROST,
His robe with icicles emboſt.
WINTER farewell! thy foreſts hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewell the fields, ſo bare and wild!
But come thou roſe-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweeteſt SUMMER! haſte thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee APRIL blythe, as long of yore
Bermudas' vales he frolick'd o'er,
(Such is his wont, at early prime,
When the ſoft boughs begin to climb)
To gather balm of choiceſt dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful dye,
The vernal year's embroidery;
To cull the eſſence of rich ſmells
In which to dip his blooming bells;

Thee, as he rov'd with genial feet,
He found an infant, ſmiling ſweet;
Where a tall citron's boughs imbrown'd
The green lap of the graſſy ground.
There long upon a roſeate bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till ſoon beneath his foſt'ring care,
You bloom'd a goddeſs debonair;
And laſt he gave the bleſſed iſle
Aye to be ſway'd beneath thy ſmile.
Haſte thee nymph! and hand in hand,
With thee bring a buxom band;
Ering fantaſtic-footed Joy,
With Sport that yellow-treſſed boy,
Lead Health that loves, in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid in the lawn:
Lead Pleaſure, rural nymph, and Peace.
Meek cottage loving ſhepherdeſs!
Bring the dear Muſe, that loves to lean
On river-margins, moſſy green.
But who is ſhe, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink crowns her auburn hair,
Her treſſes flow with paſt'ral air;
Tis May the Grace——confeſt ſhe ſtands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the light-foot Dews
Their wings all dipt in iris-hues;

With whom laſcivious Zephyrs play,
And paint with panſies all the way.

Oft when thy ſeaſon, ſweeteſt Queen,
Has dreſt the groves in livery green;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build;
While Evening, veil'd in ſhadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And miſts in ſpreading ſteams convey
More freſh the fumes of new-ſhorn hay;
Then, Goddeſs, guide my gladſome feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As ſlow he winds his muſeful way,
O'er the ſoft marge of ſilver Tay:
Or near thy brook, O ſylvan Jed!
Where firſt, by meek-ey'd Nature led,
Thomſon the rural Muſes woo'd
In numbers wild, of Dorian mood.
While thro' the duſk but dimly ſeen,
Sweet evening objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the ſhepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.
And now the labourer I meet,
The low miſt gathering at his feet:
Nor wants there fragrance all the while,
My ſoothed ſenſes to beguile:
Nor tangled wood-bines balmy bloom,
Nor dewy graſs, to breathe perfume:

Nor lowly wild-thyme's ſpicy ſweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor ſound of diſtant-tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herds remote;
Nor maſtiff's bark from lowly cott:
Ruſtle the breezes lightly born
Or deep-embattell'd ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noiſe,
Beetles in thickening ſwarms rejoice.
Meantime, what mingling dies inveſt
The golden chambers of the Weſt!
That all aſſant the village tow'r
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with th' obliquely-ſtreaming rays
Far ſeen it's arched windows blaze:
While the tall grove's green top is dight
In ruſſet hues, and gleams of light:
So that the ſoft ſcene by degrees
Bathes my blythe heart in extaſies;
And Fancy to my raviſh'd ſight
Frames ever-varying viſions bright;
Like thoſe her MILTON wont to dream,
As by the pale moon's cloudleſs gleam,
He rov'd to hear the bird of woe,
Or ſound of Curfeu ſwinging ſlow.
Till from the path I fondly ſtray
In muſeings lapt, and loſe my way;

Wand'ring o'er the landſcape ſtill,
Till penſive Fancy has her fill;
Till o'er the ſapphire-paven plain
Heſper leads his ſilver train.
But when the Sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his higheſt tow'r;
When ſportive Leiſure lays him down,
Of ſpringing flow'rs to weave a crown,
All on a deep dale's ſunny ſide
With yellow crocus gaily dy'd;
Me heart-rejoicing Goddeſs lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead:
To walk in rural mood among,
Of nymphs and ſwains, the toiling throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breath,
The ruſſet piles to lean beneath:
There while at eaſe my limbs are thrown
On couch more ſoft than palace down;
To liſten to the buſy ſound
Of mirth and toil that hums around;
To ſee the team ſhrill-tinkling paſs,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd graſs.
Meantime, retir'd from toil and heat,
A ſwain and bluſhing maid are met,
In tender talk to plight their vows,
Beneath an hawthorn's hoary boughs.
But ever, after ſummer-ſhow'r,
When the glad ſun's returning pow'r,

With laughing beam has chac'd the ſtorm,
And chear'd reviving nature's form;
Thro' ſweet-bri'r hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholſom path purſue;
While as I walk, from pearled buſh,
The ſunny-ſparkling drop I bruſh;
And all the landſcape fair I view
Clad in robe of freſher hue:
And ſo loud the black-bird ſings
That far around the valley rings.
From ſhelter deep of arched rock
The ſhepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bow'ring beech the mower blythe
With new-born vigour graſps the ſcythe;
While o'er the level gliſtering mead
A purer azure vault is ſpread.
But ever againſt reſtleſs heat,
Lead me to the rock-arch'd ſeat,
O'er whoſe dim mouth an ivyed oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Frequented by the nymph alone,
Whoſe clear waves cleave the ſmoothed ſtone;
Which, as they guſh upon the ground,
Still ſcatter miſty dews around:
A ruſtic wild, groteſque alcove,
Its ſides with mantling wood-bine wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Whence Helicon's freſh fountain wells;

Or noontide grott where Sylvan ſleeps
In hoar Lycæum's ſhaggy ſteeps.
Me, Goddeſs, in ſuch cavern lay,
While all without is ſcorch'd in day;
Sore ſighs the weary ſwain, beneath
His leafleſs hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping mower wiſhes eve,
In vain, of labour ſhort reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing ſands
Smote with keen heat the trav'ler ſtands:
Low ſinks his heart, while round his eye
Meaſures the boundleſs ſcenes that lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirſt, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wiſh ſome cooling wave
To ſlake his thirſt, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whiſper low,
He hears a guſhing fountain flow.
Or bear me to yon ſable wood,
Temple of ſage Solitude!
There within a nook moſt dark,
Where none my muſing mood may mark;
Let me with many a whiſper'd rite
The Genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his choſen ſons he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Iliſſus' laureat ſhore——.

Till, high on airy neſt reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!
Or to the copſe, where hazels brown
With beech and tow'ring oak o'ergrown,
Some ſecret winding path o'erſhade
By Fauns, and tripping Dryads made.
Or to yon abbey's mould'ring iſles,
Faſt by whoſe elder-crowned piles,
Many a melancholy yew
High-wreaths an awful avenue.
Or to the forreſt-fringed vale
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowſlips clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak;
While o'er the ſolitary green,
Nor cott, nor wand'ring ſwain is ſeen:
There under ſhade of aged boughs
To find ſome hermit's turf-rear'd houſe;
Fit place that penſive ſage might chuſe
On virtue's holy lore to muſe.
But when mild Morn in ſaffron ſtole
Firſt iſſues from her eaſtern goal;
Then ſnatch me, crocus-crowned Queen,
To airy uplands clad in green:
Whence nature's univerſal face,
Illumin'd ſmiles with new-born grace;
The miſty ſtreams that wind below,
With ſilver-ſhining luſtre glow;

Tow'rs, groves, and villages appear
Inveſted all in radiance clear;
Refreſhful odors breathe around
From dews that whiten all the ground;
Echoing loud o'er hill and dale,
Glad birds the gliſtening ſunſhine hail;
CONTENT, indulging bliſsful hours,
Whiſtles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,
And cattle rouz'd to paſture new,
Shake jocund from their ſides the dew.
'Tis thou alone, O SUMMER mild,
Canſt bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy bliſsful ſcenes,
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens;
What fires within my boſom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What ſcenes like thine the muſe can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field is paradiſe,
And all the globe a Bow'r of bliſs!
With thee converſing, all day long
I meditate delightful ſong.
Theſe pedant cloyſters let me leave,
To meet the lovely Muſe at eve,
(For Eve's the ſiſter of the Muſe)
In valleys where mild whiſpers uſe:
While wand'ring on the brook's grey verge
I hear the ſtock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's buſier ſcene is o'er,
And Age ſhall give the treſſes hoar,
I'd fly ſoft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which ſloaping hills around encloſe,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whoſe dark and branching bow'rs
It's tides a far-fam'd rivers pours:
By nature's beauties taught to pleaſe,
Sweet Tuſculane of rural eaſe!
Still grott of Peace! in lowly ſhed
Who loves to reſt her gentle head.
For not the ſcenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or ſooth the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.
Thither, kind heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and chearful night,
The ſocial ſcene of dear delight:
The conſcience pure, the temper gay,
The muſing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool ſhades to ſit,
Rapt with the charms of claſſic wit:
To catch the bold heroic flame
That built immortal Græcia's fame.
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raiſe
The ſacred ſong to Britain's praiſe:

To ſpurn the ſhepherd's ſimple reeds
And paint heroic ancient deeds,
Record old ARTHUR's magic tale,
And EDWARD, fierce in ſable mail.
Sing royal BRUTUS' lawleſs doom,
And brave BONDUCA, ſcourge of Rome;
Great PENDRAGON's fair-branched line,
Stern ARVIRAGE, and old LOCRINE.

O ever to ſweet Poeſie,
Let me live true votary!
She ſhall lead me by the hand,
Queen of ſoft ſmiles and ſolace bland!
She from her ſacred ſtores ſhall ſhed
Ambroſial flow'rets o'er my head:
She ſhall be my blooming bride,
With her as years ſucceſſive glide,
I'll ever hold ſweet dalliance,
Enwrapt as in ſome magic trance.

A

PASTORAL

IN THE

MANNER OF SPENSER.

FROM THEOCRITUS. IDYLL. XX.

BY THE SAME.

I.

AS late I ſtrove LUCILLA's lip to kiſs,
She with diſcurteſee reprov'd my will;
Doſt thou, ſhe ſaid, affect ſo pleaſant bliſs,
A ſimple ſhepherd, and a loſell vile?
Not Fancy's hand ſhould join my courtly lip
To thine, as I myſelf were faſt aſleep.

II.

As thus ſhe ſpake, full proud and boaſting laſſe,
And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance
She bragly turned her ungentle face,
And all diſdaining ey'd my ſhape aſkaunce:
But I did bluſh, with grief and ſhame yblent,
Like morning roſe with hoary dewe beſprent.

III.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair?
Has fell enchantreſs blaſted all my charms?
Whilom mine head was ſleek with treſſed hayre,
My laughing eyne did ſhoot out love's alarms:
E'en KATE did deemen me the faireſt ſwain,
When erſt I won this girdle on the plain.

IV.

My lip with vermil was embelliſhed,
My bagpipes notes loud and delicious were,
The milk-white lilly, and the roſe ſo red,
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere,
My voice as ſoote as mounting larke did ſhrill,
My look was blythe as MARG'RET's at the mill.

V.

But ſhe forſooth, more fair than MADGE or KATE,
A dainty maid, did deign not ſhepherd's love;
Nor wiſt what THENOT told us ſwains of late;
That VENUS ſought a ſhepherd in a grove;
Nor that a heav'nly God who PHOEBUS height,
To tend his flock with ſhepherds did delight.——

VI.

Ah! 'tis that VENUS with accurſt deſpight,
That all my dolour, and my ſhame has made!
Nor does remembrance of her own delight,
For me one drop of pity ſweet perſuade?
Aye hence the glowing rapture may ſhe miſs,
Like me be ſcorn'd, nor ever taſte a kiſs!

INSCRIBED

ON A BEAUTIFUL

GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

I.

THE Graces ſought in yonder ſtream,
To cool the fervid day,
When love's malicious godhead came,
And ſtole their robes away.

II.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade DELIA wear;
While they aſham'd to ſtir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

LOVE ELEGY.

BY MR. SMALLET.

I.

WHere now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy!
MONIMIA, give my ſoul her wonted reſt;—
Since firſt thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my penſive breaſt!

II.

Let happy lovers fly where pleaſures call,
With feſtive ſongs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead Beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or preſs her wanton in love's roſeate bow'r.

III.

For me, no more I'il range th' empurpled mead,
Where ſhepherds pipe, and virgins dance around?
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant ſhade,
To hear the muſic of the grove reſound.

IV.

I'll ſeek ſome lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And ſheeted ghoſts drink up the midnight dew;

V.

There leagu'd with hopeleſs anguiſh and deſpair,
Awhile in ſilence o'er my fate repine;
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred duſt my weary limbs conſign.

VI.

Wilt thou, MONIMIA, ſhed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my ſorrows reſt?
Wilt thou ſtrew flow'rs, applaud my love ſincere,
And bid the turf lie light upon my breaſt!

CHORUSSES

FROM

ELFRIDA, A TRAGEDY.

BY MR. MASON.

CHORUS I.

ODE TO THE MORNING.

I.

Hail to thy living light,
Ambroſial morn! all hail thy roſeat ray:
That bids gay nature all her charms diſplay
In varied beauty bright;
That bids each dewy-ſpangled flowret riſe,
And dart around its vermeil dies;
Bids ſilver luitre grace yon ſparkling tide,
That winding warbles down the mountain's ſide.

II.

Away, ye goblins all,
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt;
Whoſe vagrant feet have trac'd your ſecret haunt
Beſide ſome lonely wall,
Or ſhatter'd ruin of a moſs-grown tow'r,
Where, at pale midnight's ſtilleſt hour,
Thro' each rough chink the ſolemn orb of night
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

III.

Away, ye elves, away:
Shrink at ambroſial morning's living ray;
That living ray, whoſe pow'r benign
Unfolds the ſcene of glory to our eye,
Where, thron'd in artleſs majeſty,
The cherub Beauty ſits on Nature's ruſtic ſhrine.

CHORUS II.

ODE ON CONTENT.

ATHELWOLD, THE HUSBAND OF ELFRIDA, IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABSENT.

I.

The turtle tells her plaintive tale,
Sequeſter'd in ſome ſhadowy vale;
The lark in radiant æther flotes,
And ſwells his wild extatic notes:
Meanwhile on yonder hawthorn ſpray
The Linnet wakes her temp'rate lay;
She haunts no ſolitary ſhade,
She flutters o'er no ſun-ſhine mead,
No love-lorn griefs depreſs her ſong,
No raptures lift it loudly high,
But ſoft ſhe trills, amid th' aerial throng,
Smooth ſimple ſtrains of ſob'reſt harmony.

II.

Sweet bird! like thine our lay ſhall flow,
Nor gaily loud, nor ſadly flow;
For to thy note ſedate, and clear,
CONTENT ſtill lends a liſt'ning ear.
Reclin'd this moſſy bank along,
Oft has ſhe heard thy eaſy ſong:

Why hears not now? What fairer grove
From * Harewood lures her devious love?
What fairer grove than Harewood knows,
More woodland walks, more fragrant gales,
More woodbine bowers, inviting ſoft repoſe,
More ſtreams ſlow-wand'ring thro' her winding vales.

III.

Perhaps to ſome lone cave the Rover flies,
Where lull'd in pious peace the hermit lies.
For ſcorning oft the gorgeous hall,
Where banners wave with blazon'd gold,
There will the meek-ey'd nymph delight to call,
And with the ſolemn ſeer high converſe hold.

IV.

There, goddeſs, on the ſhaggy mound,
Where tumbling torrents roar around,
Where pendant mountains o'er your head
Stretch their formidable ſhade;
You liſten, while the holy ſeer
Slowly chaunts his veſpers clear;
Or of his ſparing meſs partake,
The ſav'ry pulſe, the wheaten cake,
The bev'rage cool of limpid rill.
Then, riſing light, your hoſt you bleſs,
And o'er his ſaintly temples bland diſtill
Seraphic day-dreams of heav'ns happineſs.

* ATHELWOLD'S caſtle.

V.

Where'er thou art, enchanting maid,
Thou ſoon wilt ſmile in Harewood's ſhade:
Soon will thy fairy feet be ſeen,
Printing this dew-impearled green;
Soon ſhall we mark thy geſtures meek,
Thy glitt'ring eye, and dimpled cheek,
What time thou ſeek'ſt, with willing haſte,
Thy lovelieſt throne, ELFRIDA'S breaſt.
There ſeated on that iv'ry ſhrine,
Where all the Loves and Graces lye,
With them your hands ſhall mutual chaplets twine,
And weave immortal wreaths of peace and joy.

VIr

And, hark, compleating our prophetic ſtrain,
The fleet hoof rattles o'er the flinty plain;
Now nearer, and now nearer ſounds.
Avaunt! ye vain, deluſive fears.
Hark! Echo tells thro' Harewood's ampleſt bounds,
That Love, Content, and ATHELWOLD appears.

CHORUS III.

ON CONSTANCY..

I.

Whence does this ſudden luſtre riſe,
That gilds the grove? not like the noon-time beam
Which ſparkling dances on the trembling ſtream,
Nor the blue lightning's flaſh ſwift-ſhooting thro'
the ſkies.
But ſuch a ſolemn ſteady light,
As oe'r the cloudleſs azure ſteals,
When CYNTHIA riding on the brow of night,
Stops in their mid career her ſilver wheels.

II.

Whence can it riſe but from the ſober pow'r
Of CONSTANCY? ſhe, heav'n-born queen
Deſcends, and in this * woodbine-veſted bower
Fixes her ſtedfaſt reign:
Stedfaſt, as when her high command
Gives to the ſtarry band
Their radiant ſtations in heav'n's ample plain.

* In which ATHELWOLD and ELFRIDA had been juſt exchanging profeſſions of their mutual fidelity.

Stedfaſt, as when around this nether ſphere,
She winds the purple year.
Tells what time the ſnow-drop cold
Its maiden whiteneſs may unfold,
When the golden harveſt bend,
When the ruddy fruits deſcend.
Then bids pale Winter wake to pour
The pearly hail's tranſlucent ſhow'r,
To caſt his ſilv'ry mantle o'er the woods,
And bind in cryſtal chains the ſlumb'ring floods.

III.

The ſoul, which ſhe inſpires, has pow'r to climb
To all the heights ſublime
Of Virtue's tow'ring hill.
That hill, at whoſe low feet weak-warb'ling ſtrays
The ſcanty ſtream of human praiſe,
A ſhallow trickling rill.
While on the ſummits hov'ring angels ſhed,
From their bleſt pinions, the nectareous dews,
Of rich immortal Fame: from theſe the muſe
Oft ſteals ſome precious drops, and blends with art
With thoſe the lower ſtreams impart;
Then ſhow'rs it all on ſome high-favor'd head.
But thou, ELFRIDA, claim'ſt the genuine dew;
Thy worth demands it all,
Pure, and unmixt on thee the ſacred drops ſhall fall.

CHORUS IV.

ATHELWOLD SUSPECTS THE CONSTANCY OF ELFRIDA.

I.

Say, will no white-rob'd ſon of light,
Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd ſtand;
Here wave his amber locks, unfold
His pinions cloath'd with downy gold;
Here ſmiling ſtretch his tutelary wand?
And you, ye hoſt of ſaints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpreſſive praiſe,
Will not your train deſcend in radiant ſtate,
To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud of fate?

II.

'Tis ſilence all. No ſon of light
Darts ſwiftly from his heav'nly height.
No train of radiant ſaints deſcend.
"Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
"If guilt, if fraud have ſtain'd your mind,
"Or ſaint to hear, or angel to defend."

So Truth proclaims. I hear the ſacred ſound
Burſt from the centre of the burning throne.
Where aye ſhe ſits with ſtar-wreath luſtre crown'd,
A bright ſun claſps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims: her awful voice I hear,
With many a ſolemn pauſe it ſlowly meets my ear.

III.

"Attend, ye ſons of men; attend, and ſay,"
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break thro' the veil of your mortality!
Say does not reaſon in this form deſcry
Unnumber'd, nameleſs glories, that ſurpaſs
The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace?

IV.

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall ſhe, whoſe brighteſt eye
But emulate's the diamond's blaze,
Whoſe boſom mocks the fleecy ſnow,
Whoſe cheek the roſe's damaſk glow,
Whoſe melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays;
Shall ſhe be deem'd my rival? * Shall a form
Of elemental droſs, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with theſe charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her conteſt vain. Life's little day

* ATHELWOLD had been guilty of a lye, that he might poſſeſs ELFRIDA.

Shall paſs, and ſhe is gone: while I appear,
Fluſh'd with the bloom of youth thro' heav'n's eternal year.

V.

Know, mortals, know; ere firſt ye ſprung,
Ere firſt theſe orbs in æther hung,
I ſhone amid the heav'nly throng.
Theſe eyes beheld Creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught Archangels their triumphant ſong.
Pleas'd I ſurvey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant light with kindling luſtre ſpread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And Ocean heave on his extended bed;
Saw the tall oak aſpiring pierce the ſky,
The tawny Lion ſtalk, the rapid eagle fly.

VI.

Laſt, Man aroſe, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image ſtampt upon his face,
And, as he roſe, the high beheſt was giv'n,
"That I alone of all the hoſt of heav'n,
"Should reign Protectreſs of the godlike youth."
Thus the Almighty ſpake: he ſpake and call'd me TRUTH.

ODE

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

BY MR COLLINS.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STANZAS IS SUPPOSED TO LIE ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe
To deck it's Poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whiſp'ring reeds
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds
May love thro' life the ſoothing ſhade.

* The harp of ÆOLUS, of which ſee a deſcription in the CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

III.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And while it's ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whit'ning ſpire *,
And mid the varied landſcape weep.

VI.

But Thou, who own'ſt that earthy bed,
Ah! what will ev'ry dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimm'ring near?
With him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

* Richmond Church.

VIII.

But thou, lorn Stream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd Sifters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried Friend!

IX.

And ſee, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted Shade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds, and ſhepherd-girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy ſtone and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes,
O! Vales, and Wild Woods, ſhall He ſay
In yonder grave Your Druid lies!

ON A

LADY'S

PRESENTING A SPRIG OF MYRTLE

TO A

GENTLEMAN.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

"WHAT fears, what terrors does thy gift create!
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The myrtle, enſign of ſupreme command,
(Conſign'd by VENUS to MELISSA's hand)
Not leſs capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects the lover's care.
"In myrtle groves oft ſings the happy ſwain,
"In myrtle ſhades deſpairing ghoſts complain;
"The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
"Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle ſpreads;
"Oh! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And cure the throbbings of an anxious heart;
Upon muſt this bough, as you ſhall fix his doom,
Adorn PHILANDER's head, or grace his tomb.

TO
A YOUNG LADY.
WITH
FONTENELLE'S PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

IN this ſmall work all nature's wonders ſee,
The ſoften'd features of philoſophy.
In truth by eaſy ſteps you here advance,
Truth, as diverting as the beſt romance.
Long had theſe arts to ſages been confin'd,
None ſaw their beauty till by poring blind;
By ſtudying ſpent, like men that cram too full,
From Wiſdom's feaſt they roſe not chear'd, but dull:
The gay and airy ſmil'd to ſee them grave,
And fled ſuch wiſdom like TROPHONIUS' cave.
Juſtly they thought they might thoſe arts deſpiſe,
Which made men ſullen, ere they would be wiſe.
Brought down to ſight, with eaſe you view 'em here;
Tho' deep the bottom, yet the ſtream is clear.
Your flutt'ring ſex, ſtill valued ſcience leſs;
Careleſs of any, but the arts of dreſs.
Their uſeleſs time was idly thrown away
On empty novels, or ſome new-born play.
The beſt, perhaps, a few looſe hours might ſpare
For ſome unmeaning thing, miſcall'd a pray'r.

In vain the glittering orbs, each ſtarry night,
With mingling blazes ſhed a flood of light:
Each nymph with cold indiff'rence ſaw 'em riſe;
And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.
None thought the ſtars were ſuns ſo widely ſown,
None dreamt of other worlds, beſides our own.
Well might they boaſt their charms, when ev'ry fair
Thought this world all; and her's the brighteſt here.
Ah! quit not the large thoughts this book inſpires,
For thoſe thin trifles which your ſex admires;
Aſſert your claim to ſenſe, and ſhew mankind,
That reaſon is not to themſelves confin'd.
The haughty belle, whoſe beauty's awful ſhrine,
'Twere ſacrilege t'imagine not divine,
Who thought ſo greatly of her eyes before,
Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.
How poor e'en You, who reign without controul,
If we except the beauties of your ſoul!
Should all beholders feel the ſame ſurprize;
Should all who ſee you, ſee you with my eyes;
Were no ſuch blaſts to make that beauty leſs;
Should you be what I think, what all confeſs:
'Tis but a narrow ſpace thoſe charms engage;
One Iſland only, and not half an Age!

A

SONG.

I.

GAY FLORIMEL, of gen'rous birth,
The moſt engaging fair on earth,
To pleaſe a blind gallant,
Has much of wit, and much of worth,
And much of tongue to ſet it forth,
But then ſhe has——an AUNT.

II.

How oft, alas! in vain I've try'd,
To tempt her from her guardian's ſide,
And trap her in love's hook!
She's like a little wanton lamb,
That friſks about the careful dam,
And ſhuns the ſhepherd's crook.

III.

Like wretched DIVES am I plac'd,
To ſee the joys I cannot taſte,
Of all my hopes bereav'n:
Her AUNT the diſmal gulph betwixt,
By all the powers of malice fixt,
To cheat me of my heaven.

PART OF THE

PROLOGUE

TO

SIR DAVID LYNDESAY'S DREAM.

WRITTEN IN THE REIGN OF KING JAMES V.

I.

IN the kalendies of Januarie
When freſche PHŒBUS by moving circulair
From Capricorn was enter'd in Aquarie,
With blaſtis that the branches made full bare,
The ſnow and ſleet perturbit all the air,
And ſtemit FLORA from everie bank and bus,
Throuch ſupport of the aufteir Eolus.

II.

Efter that I the lang wynteris night
Had lyne waking in my bed allone
Throw hevy thought, that na way ſleep I micht,
Remembering of divers thingis gone:
Sa up I rois, and cleithit me anone
By this fair Titan with his lemis licht
O'er all the land had ſpread his baner bricht.

III.

With cloke and hude I dreſſit mé bélive,
With dowbill ſchone, and myttains on my handis,
Howbeit the air was richt penetratyve,
Zet ſure I forth lanſing ourthort the landis,
Towards the ſea, to ſchórt me on the ſandis
Becaus unblomit was baith bank and bray,
And ſa as I was paſſing by the way,

IV.

I met dame FLORA in dule weid diſagyſit,
Quilk into May was dulce and delectabill,
With ſtalwart ſtormis hir ſweetneſs was ſurpriſit,
Hir heavinlie hewis war turnit into ſabill,
Quilkis umquile war to Luffaris amiabill,
Fled from the froiſt, the tender flouris I ſaw
Under dame Nature's mantill lurking law.

V.

The ſmall fowlis in flockis ſaw I flee
To nature makand lamentatioun,
They lichit down beſide me on ane tree,
Of their complaint I had compaſſioun,
And with ane piteous exclamation
They ſaid " blyſſit be ſomer with his flouris,
" And waryit be thou wynter with thy ſchowris.

VI.

" Allace AURORE, (the fillie lark did cry)
" Quhair has thou left thy balmy liquour ſweit,
" That us rejoiſit mounting in the ſky?
" Thy ſilver drops are turned into ſleit.
" Of fair PHEBUS quhair is the holſum heit,
" Qhuy tholis thow thy hevinlie pleſand face,
" With myſtie vapouris to be obſcurit, allace!

VII.

" Qhuair art thou May, with June thy ſiſter ſchene
" Weill bordourit with daſeis of delyte?
" And gentill Julie, with thy mantill grene,
" Enamelit with roſis reid and quhyte?
" Now auld and cauld Januar in diſpyte
" Reiffis from us all paſtime and pleſure
" Allace! quhait gentill hart may this indure?

VIII.

" Ovirſilit ar with cloudis odious
" The goldin ſkyis of the orient,
" Changeing in ſorrow our ſing melodious,
" Quhilk we had wont to ſing with gude intent,
" Reſoundand to the hevinnis firmament,
" But now our day is changed into the nicht,"
With that they roſe and flew forth of my ſicht.

HARDYKNUTE

A FRAGMENT.

I.

STATELY ſtept he eaſt the wa,
And ſtately ſtept he weſt,
Full ſeventy zeirs he now had ſene,
With ſkerſs ſeven zeirs of reſt.
He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wroucht Scotland meikle wae:
And ay his ſword tauld to their coſt,
He was their deidly fae.

II.

Hie on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls and touris a hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to ſe,
Quhair he lodgit mony a Knicht.
His Dame ſae peirleſs anes and fair,
For chaſt and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Seif ELENOR the queen.

III.

Full thirtein ſons to him ſcho bare,
All men of valour ſtout;
In bluidy ficht with ſword in hand
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To ſtand my liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

IV.

Great luve they bare to FAIRLY fair,
Their ſiſter ſaft and deir,
Her girdle ſhawd her middle gimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
Quhat waefau wae her bewtie bred?
Waefou to zung and auld,
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

V.

The king of Norſe in ſummer tyde,
Puft up with powir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
With mony a hardy knicht:
The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came, as he ſat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif aray,
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

VI.

" To horſe, to horſe, my ryal liege,
" Zour faes ſtand on the ſtrand,
" Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears
" The king of Norſe commands.
Bring me my ſteed Mage dapple gray,
Our gude king raiſe and cry'd,
A truſtier beaſt in all the land
A Scots king nevir ſeyd.

VII.

Go little page, tell HARDYKNUTE,
That lives on hill ſo hie,
To draw his ſword, the dreid of faes,
And haſte and follow me.
The little page flew ſwift as dart
Flung by his maſters arm,
Cum down, cum down lord HARDYKNUTE,
And rid zour king frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grow his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In dangers great to do;
He hes tane a horn as grene as glaſs,
And gien five ſounds ſae ſhrill,
That treis in grene wod ſchuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie,
Had paſsd the ſummer's morn,
Quhen lo! down in a graſſy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
That horn, quod they, neir ſounds in peace,
We haif other ſport to byde;
And ſune they heyd them up the hill,
Aud ſune were at his ſyde.

X.

Late, late the zeſtrene I weind in peace
To end my lengthen'd lyfe,
My age micht weil excuſe my arm
Frae manly feats of ſtryfe;
But now that NORSE dois proudly boaſt
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be ſaid of HARDYKNUTE
He feard to ſicht or fall.

XI.

ROBIN of Rothſay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows ſhcute ſae leil,
Many a comely countenance
They haif turnd to deidly pale:
Brade THOMAS tak ze but zour lance,
Ze neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ze ſicht weit as ze did anes
Gainſt Weſtmorlands ferſs heir.

XII.

MALCOM, licht of fute as ſtag
That runs in foreſt wyld,
Get me my thouſands thrie of men
Well bred to ſword and ſchield:
Bring me my Horſe and harniſine
My blade of mettal cleir;
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They ſune had fled for feir.

XIII.

Farewell my dame ſae peirleſs gude,
And tuke hir by the hand,
Fairer to me in age zou ſeim,
Than maids for bewtie fam'd:
My zoungeſt ſon ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately towirs,
And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips,
Sae faſt zour painted bowirs.

XIV.

And firſt ſcho wet her comely cheiks,
And then hir boddice grene,
Hir ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Weil plett with ſilver ſchene;
And apron ſet with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark ſae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ze may gueſs,
Saif that of FAIRLY fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moſs,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht
Making a heavy mane;
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries falſe gyles;
Witleſs I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked womans ſmiles.

XVI.

Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
To lean on ſilken ſeat,
To ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,
Quha neir ſtend deidly hate!
Hir ſelf wald watch ze all the day,
Hir maids a deid of nicht;
And FAIRLY fair zour heart wald cheir,
As ſcho ſtands in zour ſicht.

XVII.

Aryſe zoung knicht, and mount zour ſteid,
Full lowns the ſhynand day,
Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
To leid ze on the way.
With ſmyleſs luke, and viſage wan
The wounded knicht replyd,
Kycd chiftain, zour intent purſue,
For heir I maun abyde.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor nicht,
Can eir be ſweit or fair,
But ſune beneath ſum draping tree,
Cauld death ſall end my care.
With him nae pleiding micht prevail,
Brave HARDYKNUTE in to gain,
With faireſt words and reaſon ſtrong,
Strave courteouſly in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord CHATTANS land ſae wyde,
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen faes his courage ſeyd:
Of Pictiſh race by mothers ſyde,
Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
Lord CHATTAN claimd the princely maid,
Quhen he ſaiſt Pictiſh crown.

XX.

Now with his ferſs and ſtalwart train,
He reicht a ryſing heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
Norſs menzie lay in ſicht;
Zonder my valiant ſons and ferſs,
Our raging revers wait
On the unconquerit Scottiſh ſwaird
To try with us thair fate.

XXI.

Mak oriſons to him that ſaift
Our ſauls upon the rude,
Syne braifly ſchaw zour veins ar filld
With Caledonian blude.
Then furth he drew his truſty glaive
Quhyle thouſands all arround,
Drawn frae their ſheaths glanſt in the ſun,
And loud the bougills ſound.

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
In haſt his merch he made,
Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minſtralls meit
Afore him ſtately ſtrade;
Thryſe welcum, valziant ſtoup of weir,
Thy nations ſcheild and pryde;
Thy king na reaſon has to feir
Quhen thou art by his ſyde.

XXIII.

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang ſcarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferſs,
With little ſkaith to man,
But bludy, bludy was the field,
Or that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of Scots that ſindle bruikd
The war that luikt lyke play,
Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows ſeimt but delay:
Quoth noble ROTHSAY, myne I'll keip,
I wate its bleid a ſkore.
Haſt up my merry men, cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of Norſe he ſocht to find,
With him to menſe the faucht,
But on his forehead there did licht
A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand
In midſt betwene his ene.

XXVI.

Revenge, revenge, cryd ROTHSAYS heir,
Your mail-coat ſall nocht byde
The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart;
Then ſent it through his ſyde:
Another arrow weil he markd,
It perſit his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
His law as eard did fa.

XXVII.

Sair bleids my liege, ſair, ſair he bleids,
Again with micht he drew
And geſture dreid his ſturdy bow,
Faſt the breid arrow flew:
Wae to the knicht he ettled at,
Lament now quene ELGREID,
Hie dames to wail zour darlings fall,
His zouth and comely meid.

XXVIII.

Take aff, take aff his coſtly jupe
(Of gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net throuch quhilk
His ſteilly harneſs ſhynd)
Take, NORSE, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He ſure na weapon fears.

XXIX.

Proud NORSE with giant body tall,
Braid ſhoulder and arms ſtrong,
Cryd, quhair is HARDYKNUTE ſae famd,
And feird at Britains throne?
Tho Britons tremble at his name,
I ſune ſall make him wail,
That eir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
Sae ſaft his coat of mail.

XXX.

That brag his ſtout heart coud na byde,
It lent him zouthfou micht:
I'm HARDYKNUTE this day, he cryd,
To Scotlands king I hecht,
To lay thee law at horſes huſe,
My word I mean to keip.
Syne with the firſt ſtrake eir he ſtrake,
He garrd his body bleid.

XXXI.

NORSE ene lyke gray goſehawks ſtaird wyld,
He ſicht with ſhame and ſpyte;
Diſgracd is now my far famd arm
That left thee power to ſtryke:
Then gaif his head a blaw ſae fell,
It made him down to ſtoup,
As law as he to ladies uſit
In courtly gyſe to lout.

XXXII.

Full ſune he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvelld ſair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darrd
As touch of FAIRLY fair:
NORSE ferliet too as ſair as he
To ſe his ſtately luke,
Sae ſune as eir he ſtrake a ſae,
Sae ſune his lyfe he tuke.

XXXIII.

Quhair like a fyre to hether ſet,
Bauld THOMAS did advance,
A ſturdy fae with luke enragd
Up towards him did prance;
He ſpurd his ſteid throw thickeſt ranks
The hardy zouth to quell
Quha ſtude unmuſit at his approach
His furie to repell.

XXXIV.

That ſchort brown ſhaft ſae meanly trimd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,
But dreidfull ſeims the ruſty point!
And loud he leuch in jeir.
Aft Britains blude has dimd its ſhyne
This poynt cut ſhort their vaunt;
Syne piercd the boiſteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

XXXV.

Schort quhyle he in his ſadill ſwang,
His ſtirrip was nae ſtay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Richt far was hard the thud,
But THOMAS luikt not as he lay,
All waltering in his blude.

XXXVI.

With cairles geſture mynd unmuvit
On raid he north the plain,
His ſeim in thrang of fierceſt ſtryfe,
Quhen winner ay the ſame;
Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik,
Coud meiſe ſaft luve to bruik,
Till vengeful ANN returnd his ſcorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryſe again!
Neir to return to native land,
Nea mair with blythſom ſounds,
To boiſt the glories of the day,
And ſchaw thair ſhyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norways coaſt the widowit daine
May waſh the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the ſchiples ſeis
Befoir hir mate appeirs.
Ceiſe, EMMA, ceiſe to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valzient Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie quhair ſtands a croſs
Set up for monument,
Thouſands full fierce that ſummers day
Filld kene waris black intent,
Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praiſe HARDYKNUTE,
Let NORSE the name ay dreid,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he ſpaird,
Sal lateſt ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhowir,
Mirk grew the nicht eir HARDYKNUTE
Wan neir his ſtately tower,
His towir that uſd with torches bleiſe
To ſhyne ſae far at nicht,
Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel ſair he ſichd.

XLI.

Thairs nae licht in my lady's bowir
Thairs nae licht in my hall,
Nae blink ſhynes round my FAIRLY fair,
Nor ward ſtands on my wall.
Quhat bodes it? ROBERT, THOMAS ſay,
Nae anſwer fits their dreid.
Stand back, my ſons, I'll be zour gyde,
But by they paſt with ſpeid.

XLII.

As faſt I haif ſped owre Scotlands faes,
  There ceiſt his brag of weir,
Sair ſchamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
  And maiden FAIRLY fair.
Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
  He wiſt not zit with dreid;
Sair ſchuke his body, ſair his limbs,
  And all the warrior fled.

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ODE

ON LYRIC POETRY.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

ONCE more I join the Theſpian quire,
And taſte th' inſpiring fount again:
O parent of the Græcian lyre,
Admit me to thy ſecret ſtrain ——
And lo! with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and opening ſhades,
Till now I ſpy her verdant ſeat;
And now at large I drink the ſound,
While theſe her offspring, liſt'ning round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I ſee ANACREON ſmile and ſing:
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume;
His cheek diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes, taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away!
And let me liſten to his lay,

While flow'ry dreams my ſoul employ;
While turtle-wing'd the laughing hours
Lead hand in hand the feſtal pow'rs,
Lead Youth and Love, and harmleſs Joy.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe, and a threat'ning hand,
The * Leſbian patriot ſmites the ſounding chords:
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curſt of Gods and freeborn men,
Ye murd'rers of the laws,
Tho' now you glory in your luſt,
Tho' now you tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet time and righteous JOVE will judge your dreadful cauſe.

But lo, to SAPPHO's mournful airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of love;
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintive meaſures move:
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſt?
Who, SAPPHO, wounds thy tender breaſt?

* ALCÆUS of Mitylene, the capital of Leſbos, who fled from his native city to eſcape the oppreſſion of thoſe who had inſlav'd it, and wrote againſt them in his exile thoſe noble invectives which are ſo much applauded by the ancient Critics.

Say, flies he? - - - - Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts? - - - - He too ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows? - - - - He ſhall grieve,
And bend him to thy haughtieſt vow.

But, O MELPOMENE, for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To echo that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic in the frown of years,
Behold, the * Man of Thebes appears:
For ſome there are, whoſe mighty frame
The hand of JOVE at birth indow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noontide flame.

While the dim raven beats his weary wings,
And clamours far below. - - - - Propitious Muſe,
While I ſo late unlock thy hallow'd ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
To poliſh Albion's warlike ear
This long-loſt melody to hear,
Thy ſweeteſt arts imploy;
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore,
Thro' Greece thy lyre's perſuaſive language bore,
Till towns, and iſles, and ſeas return'd the vocal joy.

* PINDAR.

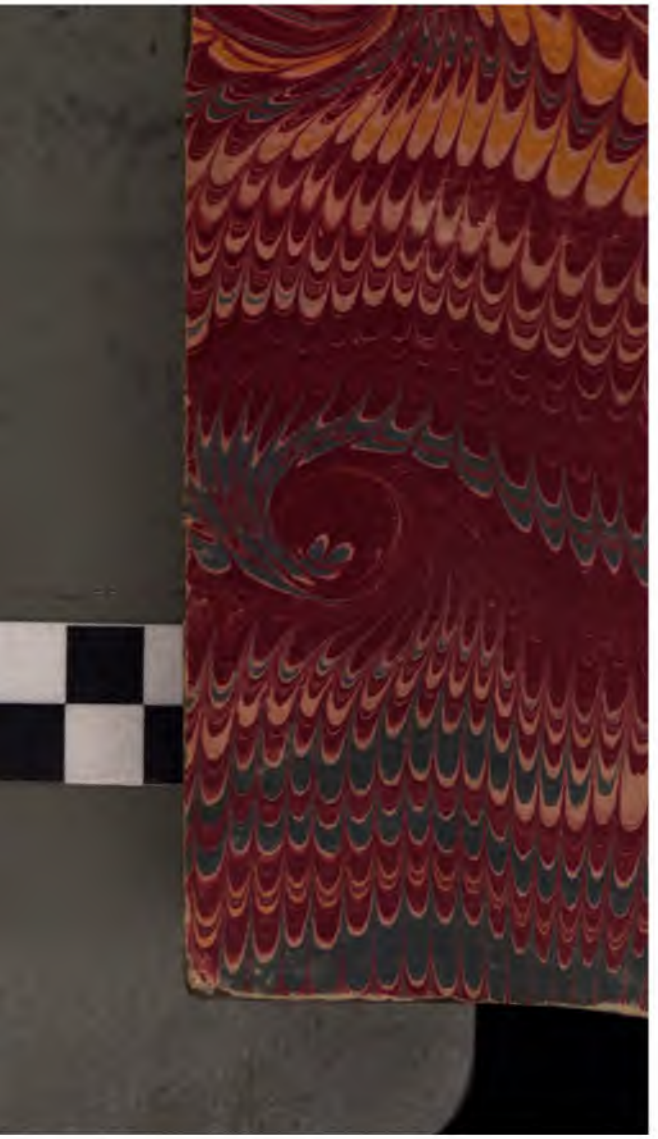
But oft amid the Græcian throng,
The looſe-rob'd forms of wild deſire
With lawleſs notes intun'd thy ſong,
To ſhameful ſteps diſſolv'd thy quire.
O fair, O chaſte, be ſtill with me
From ſuch profaner diſcord free:
While I frequent thy tuneful ſhade,
No frantic ſhouts of Thracian dames,
No ſatyrs fierce with ſavage flames
Thy pleaſing accents ſhall invade.
Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The faireſt flow'rs of Pindus glow;
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy ſtrings attune their varied ſtrain
To every pleaſure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
And ſtrait our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.

When midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumb'ring earth,
Let me, O Muſe, thy ſolemn whiſpers hear:
When morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy ſide,
Let wiſdom's awful ſuffrage guide

The tenour of thy lay:
To her of old by JOVE was giv'n
To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.

Oft as from ſtricter hours reſign'd
I quit the maze where ſcience toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, deluſive ſpoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye
Of gainful care, and wealthy age,
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely haunts ingage.

With me, when mirth's conſenting band
Around fair friendſhip's genial board
Invite the heart-awakening hand,
With me ſalute the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O ſeek with me the happy bow'rs
That hear DIONE's gentle tongue;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be ſtrung.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
Or when to nouriſh freedom's veſtal flame,
I hear my GENIUS utter his command,
Nor Thebian voice, nor Leſbian lyre
From thee, O Muſe, do I require,
While my prophetic mind,
Conſcious of pow'rs ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate hath felt her own confin'd.

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